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MAY.

THE  
ART-JOURNAL.



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### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE GOOD SAMARITAN. Engraved by S. SMITH, from the Picture by Sir C. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A., in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
2. SIR WALTER SCOTT. Engraved by J. HORSBURN, from the Picture by Sir T. LAWRENCE, in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.
3. THOMAS MOORE. Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Statue by C. MOORE, R.H.A.

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The January number of the ART-JOURNAL commenced the *Twenty-First* Volume of that Work. Subscribers are aware that a *New Series* was begun with the year 1855; when we obtained the honour, graciously accorded, of issuing Engravings from the Royal Pictures; of the new series, therefore, *three* volumes are now completed: while the series containing the Vernon Gallery—began in 1849 and ended in 1854—consists of six volumes. Either series may be obtained separately, and may be considered complete, there being no necessity for obtaining the earlier volumes; indeed, these earlier volumes are not to be procured easily; the entire twenty volumes being worth “in the market” much beyond their original cost.

We receive with much gratitude the several congratulations that have been forwarded to us in reference to our “Coming of Age.” It is somewhat rare to find a Journal so long existing under the same management by which it was commenced; and we review our twenty years labour with natural and justifiable pride.

We trust to retain the continued support of our Friends and Subscribers; and to obtain the advantage we reasonably expect from increased and increasing love and appreciation of Art in Great Britain and its Dependencies, and also in the United States. It is not the least part of the satisfaction we derive from reviewing the past, to compare the condition of Art at the present moment, in all its various ramifications, with the state in which we found it when our undertaking was commenced.

And we are not expecting too much if we ask that augmented support which shall be commensurate with the improved position of British Art—acting, as it cannot fail to do, advantageously for our Subscribers and the Public, by supplying us with additional power.

Our Subscribers may be assured of our hearty and earnest zeal in continuing to conduct the ART-JOURNAL worthily; it remains—as it has long been—the only Journal in Europe by which Art is adequately represented; and it will be alike our pleasure and our duty to render available every possible means of retaining the place we have, during twenty years, occupied in public favour.

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## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1858.

THE PRE-TITIANITES,  
INCLUDING GIORGIONE.

IN the last numbers of this Journal we endeavoured to communicate to the reader the impressions we derived at Venice from the works of Giovanni Bellini, that "genuine morning star" of the Art of the lagunes. On the present occasion it is our purpose to continue the subject of Venetian Art, by giving some account of the other Venetian painters who preceded Titian. With the exception, however, of his immediate precursor, Giorgione, who at once so boldly and brilliantly secularised Art in this corner of Italy, they do not seem to us to call for any very extended notice. Their works, almost exclusively of a devotional cast, show much feeling, indeed, but it is commonly of a somewhat harsh or drearily melancholy cast, rarely carried to the height of a tender and truly amiable expression. As we have already observed elsewhere, the Venetians came strangely late into the field, and their works were still stiffly, meagrely, childishly drawn, and most confined in range of subjects, at a time when the Art of Tuscany had reached its utmost perfection and variety. Working aloof from the rest of Italy, and as if (one might almost think) with the characteristic jealousy of Venetians, they display less perception of beauty of form and ideal grace than her other schools. Their notions, founded on a Byzantine basis, were at first modified rather by the homelier feeling and the congenial power of splendid colour and execution shown by the Germans and Flemings—the early schools of Cologne and Bruges; and the distinctive merit thus resulting is beauty of colour, a pre-eminent talent for which, on the part of the Venetians (originally inspired, doubtless, by the rare natural hues around them), had been previously cultivated and improved by their habitual intercourse during so many ages with the "gorgeous East." Almost at once the soft, delicate, and brilliant complexion of the works of their earliest school of painters, the Vivarini of Murano, produced early in the latter half of the fifteenth century, seems to give promise of the unrivalled *full bloom* of beauty which afterwards glowed forth here. Indeed, in examining the best of these earlier works, nothing else is so remarkable as the contrast they display between a prompt genius for colour, and an incapability with respect to form—the delicacy and masterly gradation of their hues, combined with their weak and often absolutely childish drawing.

The great museum of these older works is now the Academy, where the pictures of so many suppressed churches and convents are

preserved and collected. The first room, a small one, decorated gaudily with Gothic ornaments, is filled with productions of the two earliest periods of Venetian painting, principally by the Vivarini. They consist, for the most part, of single figures of saints on gold backgrounds, standing side by side, but each separate in its gilt niche, which is often splendidly illuminated with lesser quaint missal-like paintings. Here, though grouping and extended composition are as yet unthought of, it is highly pleasing to distinguish clear and unmistakable dawnings of life, and individual truth, and saintly expression, emergent above the retiring mediæval night of the *painter's* art: that art is, at length, in resurrection here at Venice also. In one or two yet earlier paintings—the earliest by far in this collection—Coronations of the Virgin, produced in the middle of the fourteenth century by two Venetians, Nicolo Semitecolo, and Lorenzo Veneziano, the flat and uncouth figures remind one not simply of the Byzantine, but of the *Hindoo* style: they look at least as like representations of the coronations of some Indian goddess by Buddha or Foh, painted by some oriental limner, as what they are intended for. It is difficult to look upon their barbaric superstition, meagre inanity, and nauseous gaudiness, without a feeling somewhat allied to disgust. But in the productions of the Vivarini, painted nearly a century later, Art is so far progressive, that side by side with figures yet attenuated and ungainly, are others with indications of soft and delicate flesh and blood, and with nobly arranged and most tenderly modelled draperies; and, above all, a pious spirit, a saintly soul, is here and there not obscurely breaking forth, like a serene sunrise. In a Coronation of the Virgin, by Giovanni and Antonio of Murano—the first of whom was a German, who enriched the infant school with some of the principles of colouring and composition characteristic of the old school of Cologne—the execution is remarkably soft, and so is the warm and ruddy colouring; and the little naked children standing in a crowd between the pillars that support a rude and imbecile notion of the Virgin and the Persons of the Trinity, are easy in their postures, quite innocent and pretty. Here is perhaps a first dawning of a classical influence; but the old doctors and saints, seated around, are German rather in their quaint but gentle-hearted homeliness. Luigi Vivarini, a later artist, gives a more imaginative air to his figures; but his heads are decidedly harsh and disagreeable. His meagre, ugly St. John the Baptist's wild, serious look, is nevertheless strikingly conceived. Finally, Bartolomeo Vivarini, in technical qualities, is much in advance of those we have hitherto mentioned. His figures are, several of them, highly interesting from their life, truth, and portrait-like individuality. A saint, evidently a portrait of some peculiarly Romish priest (we feel we have met him many a time), would do credit to any period of Art, for this unmistakable verisimilitude, and for delicate, highly-finished painting. A Madonna, too, by Bartolomeo, also in the Academy, is, most unexpectedly, fully and softly rounded, decidedly sweet-faced and pretty. But his Santa Chiara is really a highly dignified old lady, not in any way unworthy of Giovanni Bellini. With this last item of praise, however, the reader should be told that these two last-mentioned Vivarini, belonging to a somewhat advanced period of Venetian Art, were, in fact, not antecedent to Bellini, but contemporary with him; and hence it is very desirable that their works should be more clearly distinguished from the earlier ones in the same room, with which they are at present likely to be too closely connected in point of time. In taking leave of Luigi and Bartolomeo Vivarini,

it may be as well to say that their works in SS. Giovanni e Paolo, and S. Maria de' Frari, are harsh and gaudy pictures of ill-favoured and very disagreeable saints, whose looks are quite discouraging to any one with less energy of devotedness to the cause of Art than a German critical discoverer, or an eloquent writer at his wit's ends for a new subject. Yet Bartolomeo's works in the Academy are by no means open to the charge of remarkable hardness and severity of outline which has been brought against him; and his colouring (as well as that of some of his immediate competitors) is at times exquisitely tender and beautiful. Delicate pearly tones are to be met with in his pictures, supported by subdued greenish harmonies, such as pervade the persons and the wave-secluded homes of the Nereids themselves. They were drawn, most likely, by these Venetians from the frequent and loving contemplation of the sea around them; and in their works have the additional charm of a characteristic and poetical propriety. Admirable in these respects is the recent acquisition by Bartolomeo Vivarini in our own Gallery, and well it exemplifies what has been here said in relation to the genius of these painters for colour, and their incapability with regard to form.

But we must proceed with the works of the other Venetian painters of this latter period, many of which are of far greater interest and importance than the productions of the Vivarini.

In the same Venetian Academy are many altar-pieces by these other contemporaries of Giovanni Bellini, and by his numerous scholars; the ablest of them being Victor Carpaccio and Marco Basaiti, who were not his pupils, and Cima da Conegliano, Martino da Udine, and Rocco Marcioni, who were, and Gentile Bellini, his elder brother. Their works, like the others we have mentioned, are often disagreeable from mawkish devoteism and antiquated stiffness; but it is pleasing to discover, now and then, gleams of a fine rapt expression shining forth in their most successful productions—here with increased intensity—like emanations of sunrise suddenly recognised as giving glory to some wild landscape of rude and quaint rocks, and meagre trees having too little earth about their roots, yet nourished by heavenly airs. Not that these devotional painters of Venice, after all, are apt to rise into such engaging tenderness and *beauty* of expression as sweeten the finest religious reveries of other Italian schools. On the contrary, their saints, though no doubt deep enthusiasts in their way, have commonly a cold and harsh expression, "humanly speaking;" as if, "humanly speaking," they were tolerably good for nothing. The crystal clearness of the atmosphere around them forms one of the chief merits of these pictures, and of course greatly aids the general impression of sanctity, by its pure tranquillity and freedom from earthy haze or soil. Of all Bellini's competitors, or scholars, none deserves to be placed before Cima for expression of ascetic sanctity, and for this clear spirituality of light and colour. His masterpiece, formerly in the Church of La Madonna del Orto, and at present in the Academy, is an altar-piece of four remarkably serious, dignified, and solemn saints, standing before one of those fine old quaint, serene, *pious* landscapes, which seem perfectly conscious of the seraphic presences in the midst of them. It is the finest work of the class in Venice, after two or three of the best Bellinis. A Baptism of Christ, in San Giovanni in Bragora, is also one of Cima's masterpieces. Commonly there is a severity of expression, a hermit-like meagreness and wildness in his very peculiar heads, which discover the painter at a glance. He paints like some enthusiast who has meditated much in the





wilderness, and fasted and scourged himself a great deal more than the milder and sweeter Bellini may be supposed to have done; yet the depth and intensity of feeling shown in some few of his best works are interesting, and by no means uninteresting to the imagination. Like him in these respects, though inferior, is Marco Basaiti, a painter, it is said, of Greek parentage, whose most noteworthy picture is an altar-piece in the Academy, of our Saviour in the Garden. In this the Christ kneeling on the rocks, high in the middle of the picture, before a clear golden dawn, is (if nothing more can be said of it) a solemn, pathetic, interesting figure, with that fervid but somewhat barbaric look which is characteristic of this painter. His crowned Redeemers and female saints would do exceedingly well for representations of some of those early Saxon kings and princesses of ours who were so fond of renouncing the court for the cloister. In the present picture of Basaiti's, the disciples beneath are slumbering in postures very natural and lively, especially one extended in precisely the attitude of a sleeping gondolier, who, stretched on his back on a bench under the arcade of the Ducal Palace, had fascinated me for at least five minutes the morning before. For a sainted fisherman a gondolier may here have been considered a not inappropriate model. Mr. Ruskin, wishing to exalt the early religious painters, says that Basaiti's golden sky, in the Academy, altogether overpowers and renders valueless that of Titian beside it. The reader of his eloquent pages, who retains independence of mind enough to make use of his own eyes, will find that it does nothing of the kind; but Mr. Ruskin, with whom brilliancy of effect is commonly a first consideration, often sacrifices great men in a very ruthless manner, for the mere purpose of heightening a sentence by an effective comparison; and so here Titian is bound and tied to the horns of the altar of his Goddess of Rhetoric, a divinity whom he loudly denies indeed, but is often found assiduously worshipping. Martino da Udine is well worthy of an honourable corner in the memory, for the dignity and expression of his angels and saints; but Bissolo, though he has been highly praised for spiritual tenderness, seems to me invariably mawkish. Rocco Marconi is a somewhat later artist, but retains much of the old manner. A Pietà under the Cross by him, an altar-piece, is a magnificent old work, interesting for its elaborate rocky landscape, which, though quaint, and unlessoned in the forms of nature, is of a beautiful clearness and tender warmth of tone; but the figures are feeble and rapidly sweet in expression.

Nor may we here overlook (though we half wish to do so) Carlo Crivelli, a painter, whose extravagant love of ornament, perhaps unequalled in his art, displays much of the neighbouring Paduan influence. His pictures are covered with a wonderful elaboration of gold-damasked robes, gold ornaments, (St. Peter's keys and St. Ambrose's crosier actually in gilt relief,) pavements and pavilions of variegated marbles, garlands of fruit, and other things of the kind. The saints embroidered in the borders of the dalmatics are almost as highly finished as their wearers. But these wearers themselves, what ugly, wrinkled, sour-looking old men they commonly are! Reverent thoughts of the Madonna, however, seem to have refined this painter's imagination somewhat; for he figures her as an elegant slender crowned lady, sometimes of considerable beauty; and his little children are, here and there, very pretty, softly painted, and even tolerably well drawn. The colouring amongst his profuse gilded damaskings is rich and splendid, or in other instances tenderly warm and harmonious throughout. In some of Crivelli's works the figures

are absolutely hideous, scarily hideous; but the perception of personal beauty, at the time generally unfolding itself, seems to have gained considerably even with him.

An elegantly quaint old picture by Fra Negroponte, still more Paduan in its feeling, is to be found in a mean little side chapel of San Francesco della Vigna. The Madonna here, like some queenly bride, or her principal Maid of Honour at the least, clad in rich coif and superb gold and brown dress, (very like what our Elizabeth Woodville, or Catherine of Aragon, may have worn,) sits in a garden, in a fanciful pavilion, adorned with bas-reliefs of cupids and flowers. An arch of fruits canopies her head; and little birds are hopping amongst the ground-flowers, at her feet. Here something of that demure beauty which so readily passes for religious, is accompanied by a charming romantic feeling. Whilst wandering about the more silent and neglected corners of Venice, it is quite delightful, without guidance or expectation, to stumble on an old work such as this. And if it is but imperfectly seen in that dim and shabby little chapel, behind altar candles, and spires of tissue-paper flowers, and lackered vases and canisters, why the situation and the contrast, add something of the charm of pathos: we feel the more for that lonely romantic princess thus fallen on dull and evil days.

A work by Girolamo Santa Croce, to which we were directed by Mr. Ruskin's notes, deserves particular mention also. It is in San Silvestro, the church from which our "Offering of the Magi," ascribed to Paul Veronese, was recently acquired, in consequence of a strange oversight committed during some repairs of the building. These alterations so changed the different compartments, that none of the larger pictures could be restored to their proper places. So a papal decree, and an order from the local authorities, were by-and-by obtained for their sale; and thus, by an accident less fortunate for us than for the good fathers of San Silvestro, we procured one of the largest and poorest works in our gallery. Santa Croce's picture, one of the few still in their places, is a *Santa Conversazione* of St. Thomas of Canterbury, enthroned in episcopal state, with musical angels sitting at his feet, and saints on each side, in front of an elaborate landscape, just such as one admires in journeying from Venice to Verona. Ridge above ridge dotted with towers, rises behind a cheerful plain, thick-set with tufts of trees, and villages. The clear sky is scattered with little islands of white clouds reposing with their wings quite rolled up, and with pretty cherubs no less pure, serene, and airy than they. Girolamo, it seems, is chiefly admired for these hovering infant angels, with which he has peopled the skies of several of his pictures. The present one is a noble old work, but half spoilt by the slimy over daubing of two of the saints. It is melancholy to contrast their modern pseudo-sentimentality, and muddy smoothness, with the simple guileless tenderness, and warm transparent complexions of their companions. Pleasant it was, nevertheless, to fancy the reverence for the sanctity of San Tommaso, almost buried, as it were, in a nook of one of the obscurest parts of Venice; but our attention, I well remember, was much disturbed at the time by another picture, a living one, displayed close by—a woman confessing. The confessor, a very fat man, sat dancing and dandling his foot all the while, with the most easy nonchalance possible, and taking copious pinches of snuff. When, at last, she had said her say, he said his; and a most lively and pleasant piece of gossip it seemed to be, abundant in the extreme. But presently he noticed our stolen glances towards him, and then what should he do but sheepishly, or reprovingly, (I scarcely know which,) close a little shutter

before him. However, it concealed his head only, not the lower part of his person. Still the abdominal obesity below was obvious: still the frequently used snuff-box and the ever-jogging leg were freely displayed to us, holding their course as leisurely as ever. And these spiritual confidences were not exhausted when we left the church, after eying them not much less than an hour! Sincerely, no offence to our dear Roman Catholic brethren is meant by these observations; for had we been the rigidest of their body, still we should have felt inclined to whisper in such a case as this, Beware, beware, lest the confession of frailty insensibly become reciprocal.

But these same living pictures wear us too much from our proper business with the canvases. We must return to the Academy for a few brief moments, to close our account of the earlier painters of Venice with a few observations on two of the most gifted of them. In this glance at Bellini's contemporaries, Victor Carpaccio, certainly second to none of the period, may be classed separately with Gentile Bellini. They both, for the most part, painted a somewhat different species of subjects—subjects legendary and historical, with figures frequently smaller and in crowds, and most elaborate architectural and landscape backgrounds, in which much genuine thinking and feeling humanity, exquisite colour and light, and precise clear recording of many interesting peculiarities of their age, are veiled from the careless eye by the lingering quaintness and stiffness of early Art. A series by Carpaccio in the Academy, illustrative of the life of St. Ursula, has high merit in these respects. A somewhat meagre, sharp-visaged melancholy race of men, in the costumes of the fifteenth century, are variously occupying themselves in the affairs of the 11,000 virgins, in old mediæval cities, courts, and harbours, which have more of a Flemish or German than an Italian air. Extraordinary industry and patience are here sustained by great ability. Many of the heads, full of life and character, are remarkably good. The antiquated stiffness of much of these works is greatly ameliorated in his masterpiece, a picture of a different class, an altar-piece with large figures, of the Presentation in the Temple, in which he rivals Giovanni Bellini on his own ground, and, indeed, excels all but his five or six best productions. Here also you have magnificently-finished painting, and similar depth and clearness, animated by a more golden glow, almost vying with some rich cathedral window, which an amber cloud in warm twilight stays to gently illumine. The Infant Saviour in this picture is quite lively and pretty, and one of the female heads has even something of a Peruginean sweetness and elegance—a peculiarity rare, indeed, with Venetian painters. Beneath are three little musical angels, such as are fond of attending together at the *Santi Conversazioni*. One of them, who sits with his legs crossed, and thrums away arduously on a lute much too large for him, looking sideways at the finger-board with an amusing air of seriousness and determination, is a strange, quaint child, whom one cannot easily accept for an angel; nevertheless, he is right welcome for his naive simplicity and naturalness. The niche which forms the background is superbly Bellini-ish; and the golden dalmatic of the devout and amiable "San Simeone Vecchio," bordered with a row of missal-like pictures, each of them studiously detailed—a notable instance of the splendid and consummate elaboration of these magnificent old works. This picture of Carpaccio's, and Basaiti's masterpiece, were both produced in 1510. The antiquated peculiarities of these devotional painters of Venice become highly remarkable when we remember that the same year Raphael was completing his noblest



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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, P. R. A. PINX.



frescoes, and that Giorgione, who painted with the utmost boldness and freedom under their very eyes, died only the year after. Cramped in drawing, and exclusive, though fine, in their peculiar feeling, but admirable for colour and pure finish, these *Bellinieschi*, remaining aloof, adhered steadfastly to their devout traditions, and in Art, no less than in geographical position, maintained something of a medium between the other Italians and the early Flemish painters.

Lastly, we must by no means forget Gentile Bellini, whose crowds of moderate-sized figures and elaborate architectural backgrounds much resemble Carpaccio's usual subjects, and who is, on the whole, a painter of little inferior merit, with this distinction, that his execution and colouring are more soft and delicate; indeed, sometimes they are extraordinarily so. Wonderful for these merits, and withal one of the most quaint and entertaining pictures of the time, is his painting of the Miraculous Recovery of a Fragment of the True Cross from the depths of one of the Venetian canals, on a certain memorable occasion. The precious relic belonged to the worshipful brotherhood of the Scuola di San Giovanni Evangelista; and in the fourteenth century, that is to say, about a century before the date of the picture, whilst they were carrying it along in public procession, some accidental pressure from the crowd suddenly pushed it into the water. Several pious and worthy citizens, excellent swimmers and devoted men, were immediately busy in the water, in pursuit of it; but it was reserved for the Guardian or Head of the Brotherhood, by his miraculously good diving, to restore it to the longing eyes of his shamed and horrified confraternity. In the picture the swimmers are in the water; and on the shores it seems as if all the distinguished people of Venice were assembled, in a most orderly and composed crowd; miraculously calm, one really cannot help supposing them to be. Amidst them stand long files of prim ladies, some very decidedly fat and middle-aged, and in a rich and strange white gauzy attire, proper, no doubt, for the holiday occasion; and opposite kneels a column of venerable men, like all the others, motionless and placid under the miraculous influences of that extraordinary moment, except that their composure seems, from their pursed-up noses, to be faintly disturbed by some bad odour from the canal—a delicate and subtle stroke of nature, for the discovery of which in this age of profound imaginative interpretation of works of Art, I confidently claim my due minim of praise. But however liable to serious controversy may be this hypothesis, or last new reading of mine, there can be no doubt that the picture is painted with marvellous delicacy and clearness, cramped and weak in drawing, it is true, but in colour exquisitely soft, and of a tender warmth, and in distinctness wonderful, considering that there is little or no light and shade to help the painter in this respect. Such a result is only to be accomplished by the utmost delicacy of gradations and varieties of purest colour. And here you see not only the costumes but the street architecture of old Venice preserved and perpetuated in full bloom. The Gothic groups of windows, now in dingy and ragged mourning for the misdeeds and vices of the Adriatic's fair Spouse, glisten with gold; and the walls between them blush with vermillion and other bright and rich colours. Who would not most willingly sit even for an hour before such a picture as this, or that other of Gentile's in the self-same chamber, in which they are carrying this identical relic, thus happily recovered, in procession before a truly superb delineation of St. Mark's Church, as it was in those days, almost in its Byzantine purity, before the more modern alterations? Who

would not like to speculate on the countenances here treasured up for us in their liveliness and calm thought, and often with humble homely looks and features, interesting from their expression of character, and also pleasing as an evidence of the painter's lowly sympathies? Who would not dwell on them till their thoughts and feelings begin to appear too, imparting fresh news of old Venice, and building up in our minds some lively story of her better days?

So far is highly pleasing; but the devotional pictures of the minor painters of this period, and even the less successful works of that class by their more gifted contemporaries, occasion, on the whole, far different feelings. Several long galleries in the Academy, abounding in the works of such painters as Bissolo, Mansueti, Santa Croce, and others more dry and antiquated, may be considered chiefly valuable as a vivid illustration and proof of the deplorably monotonous, lugubrious, and emasculated state into which a spirit of morbid devoteism, organized and consummated in monkery, had sunk the minds of the more imaginative men of the age in which these pictures were produced. There is something most melancholy in perceiving how their fancies and feelings were cloistered away from good sense, healthy humanity, liberal sympathies, and manly freedom. The Madonnas themselves sit in their gilded state, pale and sick, as if "awearied, weary" of the eternal devoteism; and their worshippers—harsh, shrunken, melancholy, and emaciated—exhibit a physical degradation arising from spiritual intemperance, far worthier of a Buddhist monk or Brahmin fakir, than of Christian teachers and sanctities. We wish—we have often wished—that those writers who expatiate on the religious spirit of the art of this period with a sweetness of tone and sentiment which is so captivating, had been impartial enough to dwell a little more on the melancholy failures of their favourites, which, even they must surely admit, are as eight or ten to one, compared with the successful instances. We hear so little of these failures in the graceful and flowing eulogies; that when, at length, the fascinated reader issues forth from their pages into the long perspectives of an Italian Gallery, he is, if not fairly enthralled by their word-power, and destined for the remainder of his days to judge of pictures through his ears rather than his eyes, astonished to find how much such failures predominate. We wish these writers would take a larger and more comprehensive view. When they loudly condemn the "later men" for classicism, the failing of their age, we should be better pleased if they would also blame the earlier men for monkery, the weakness of theirs. When they stigmatise the Post-Raphaelites for too much of the flesh, let them also not wholly overlook that these Pre-Raphaelites had often too little of it; and that this foolish, shallow, puffed-up disdain of the body and its requirements may be as demoralising as vice itself, nay, since extremes meet here also, often produces the self-same results. In each alike, the poor body is abused and misgoverned—in one, by over-indulgence, in the other, by contempt and neglect.

But at Venice an utter change in the feeling and style of Art, commenced and carried almost to its height by the same mind, with an originality and force rarely rivalled, had advanced far, long before some of the antiquated religious works here described were painted; and the sudden transition we shall now make to the bold spirit who accomplished this, will be properly characteristic of the suddenness and rapidity of what he effected.\*

\* To be continued.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., Painter. S. Smith, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 5 ft. 1½ in. by 3 ft. 7½ in.

THE president of the Royal Academy is one of the few painters who, having adopted a certain style of Art in the beginning of their career, continue it to the end. In speaking of style, we refer more to the principles and practice of painting than to subject: there are many artists who change their method of execution and colouring when they strike out into a new field of action, as did Wilkie, for example, after his visit to Spain and the East; others, again,—and this is by far the most numerous class,—keep upon their old ground, but exhibit it under new aspects; Turner painted Venetian scenery in two styles, and ideal landscape in three: and others, like Sir C. Eastlake, vary their subjects without altering their manner.

If we compare his latest exhibited pictures with his earliest productions, those of about thirty years ago,—the "Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome," belongs to that period,—no one would doubt for a moment that they are the work of the same mind and the same hand. It would be wrong to say that he has only one model for his figures, both male and female; but there is a strong nationality almost amounting to a family likeness among them all: the type is the true Italian, modified, however, according to the characters of the individuals, and the circumstances in which they are placed; his colouring is throughout all of an uniform quality and tone, but is uniformly sweet, pure, and quiet,—never dazzling by its brilliancy, nor astonishing by its bold and striking contrasts: it shows more of the study of the Florentine school than of the Venetian. He seems to have set out with the determination to win his way to fame rather through the approbation of the discerning few than the voices of the multitude: none of his pictures ever took the world of Art by storm, but they gained the applause of all to whom delicacy and purity of feeling in subject and treatment, careful execution, and truth and colour are recommendations.

His picture of the "Good Samaritan" belongs to that series of works which succeeded his representations of Italian figure subjects: of this series the most important pictures are, "Christ weeping over Jerusalem," and "Christ blessing little Children;" in these productions alone the artist may well be content to rest his good name,—they would be honourable to any school, in any period: nor is it likely, from the multifarious occupations which now serve to draw him away from his studio, that he will ever produce their like again.

The "Good Samaritan" is a beautiful picture, elegant in composition, and exquisitely finished. The principal figure must recall to those who are acquainted with ancient Art, the conceptions of some of the old Italian painters; the drawing is correct, the foreshortening of the limbs very cleverly managed, and the expression of the face that of a man who is suffering severe bodily agony, but whose pain is mitigated by the sympathy and kindness of another. The flesh tints are not quite agreeable to the eye; they are reddish, and of a dull tone—too red, we should presume, for a native of the country to which the man may be supposed to belong. The colour, however, is much neutralized by those in the draperies of the Good Samaritan, whose upper garment is purple pink, and the lower dark red: a cloth of dark blue stripes is underneath the wounded man; the sky and distant hills are of a deep ultramarine; the grass and foliage of the trees principally of bright emerald green. The grey horse, sober as it is in tone, adds greatly to the "light" of the picture, and seems to bring the whole into harmony of colour.

The action of the composition is sufficiently apparent: the wounds of him who "fell among thieves" have been bound up, and his kind "neighbour" is preparing to "set him on his own beast,"—by the way, would not an ass be the animal most likely to be employed by travellers in Judaea? At a short distance, the priest and the Levite are seen "passing by on the other side."

The picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1850: it is now in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Nor many years ago, an anecdote went the round of the newspaper press, which struck us, at the time, as embodying, in the quaint absurdity of the incident recorded, a very shrewd moral. In that "abstract and brief chronicle of the time," it was narrated, that a day or two previously, a party had set out, on a fine summer's morning, from Helensburgh, to fish, as others had done before them, at the Buoy of Roseneath. What success they had in the main purpose of their expedition, is not reported,—and, from what we know of the after-proceedings of the party, we hold it the more considerate course not to inquire. That, however, which it was natural they should do, as the sequel of a day so spent, whether the success had been more or less, they did:—as the evening drew on, they made preparations for returning home. In this intent, and as the means to this end, they took to their oars, and pulled away for Helensburgh "with a will." They are not represented—these holiday gentlemen—as having regarded themselves in any other light than that of indifferent rowers; but yet, they were astonished, and finally alarmed, to find, how little progress they made, as the price of efforts which grew even desperate when the night grew late. It seemed, as if a supernaturally strong tide were running against them, and increasing in strength with each minute that passed away. Four hours of ceaseless rowing left them nearly as far from the shore which was its object as when first they took in their nets, and turned their boat's head in the direction of the town. Worn out with fatigue, they tugged at the oar till eleven o'clock of that summer's night; and then,—at that "eleventh hour,"—they made the discovery which set matters right at once, and gave them free way towards the lights that beckoned from the distant land. When their task by the Buoy was done, they had, it now appeared, forgotten to lift the anchor for their return; and for four fruitless hours they had been hopelessly straining against their own cable. They were laughed at, of course,—and very fairly, too; though, amongst the laughers there were those who were making just the same mistake, and had not yet found it out. The impediment to the after-progress of our fishing friends was an impediment of their own institution,—and instituted on reasonable grounds. Their anchor was a good and serviceable anchor where they had laid it down,—and needful to the work which in that time and place they had to perform. But, they who want to go to Helensburgh, must lift the anchors that gave them firm riding by the Buoy of Roseneath:—and he who hopes to steer for the lights of the present, will scarcely succeed in doing so unless he cast off from the cables that held him to his moorings in the past.

The men of this our generation who have memories that carry them even a quarter of a century back, can have no difficulty whatever in recalling the time when a frequent and familiar moral practice was, that of rowing against the stream. The attempt to stay in mid-air the leap of the water-falls, was not then accepted as carrying an instant title to a straight waistcoat. The legislator of that "good time" applied the formula of King Canute to the tides,—overlooking his moral. The moral followed, nevertheless; and we have found it now, and written it up as a warning above the dead legislator's grave. There was a Sisera in our boyhood, as we remember well, who "in his courses fought against" the stars. His name was:—but let the dead rest. He lived to be, a ghost ere he died,—and comes not now into the starlight of our time, even as a phantom.—To return back, closer to our

argument. In those not very distant days of which we speak, statesmen and others steered openly athwart the currents of events and of opinion, and turned their boats' heads up the river-courses without, as we have said, general impeachment of their sanity. Nay, they did this in such sufficient numbers, that, while, of course, they made not—as it was not in the nature of things they should—any successful way against the downward flow, yet they were able to encumber its free action, and to dam the streams of progress for a time. So marked and rapid in recent years has been the abatement of this vicious practice, that if now you see—as occasionally you will—an ancient gentleman toiling right in the tideway, and inversely to its direction, you recognise him at once as an anachronism, and look with indulgent pity on a labour which, absurd in its own aspect, offers not a moment's obstacle to the march of the moral currents. Now and then, it is true, on the floor of the House of Commons or elsewhere, a man will even yet step out, for an exercise of this kind, who has notoriously not the excuse of being enslaved by the old traditions, and is undoubtedly philosopher enough to know that you cannot sail up a river when wind and tide are setting down; but the exhibition is in such case exceptional;—undertaken either capriciously, for the recreating of the exhibitor's eccentricity,—or, it may be, scientifically, with a view to testing the strength of the current. For the most part, as we have said, in our day the world of Englishmen is agreed to recognise the moral forces, and their movements and direction. Though few, however, will now be found amongst us to offer such formal and avowed resistance to these as is implied in the direct act of rowing against the current,—it is still wonderful, how frequent, below the surface, are the cases in which minds willing to move onward are yet held back by the fastenings of custom or of prejudice from which they have omitted to cast themselves loose:—wonderful, in how many unsuspected places society is dragging its anchors.—Here, now, is the Royal Academy, clinging blindly to the moorings which were laid down for it just ninety years ago,—and, while it pretends to move in obedience to the larger forces that are at length urging it forward, impeded in its efforts to do so as a necessary consequence of that pertinacity to the past,—and standing, by virtue of the retarding influence in question, right in the path of the great Art-currents of to-day. The Royal Academicians, of course, have not the slightest intention of doing anything so absurd as rowing against the stream; but they have not yet learnt to see, that they fail to make all the progress which, with the power they have on board, they should, for the express reason, that, the Academy is, like the fishing-party at Roseneath, dragging its anchors.

When the Royal Academy was originally established, on the 10th of December, 1768, the scheme of the institution was laid down on nearly the same identical foundations that it occupies in this year of grace, 1858. Now, that is a proposition, the mere statement of which, unaided by any argument of ours, contains the exposure of its own absurdity. If the measure of 1768 were correctly taken with a view to the object then in hand, it cannot possibly represent the Art-figure which has since had ninety years to grow. Either, there must have been a great waste and extravagance of original construction in reference to the interests at that time to be lodged, or those interests must now be of necessity cramped and confined beyond the possibility of their legitimate action, supposing them to have expanded in due proportion only to the expansion of most other interests since the days

"When George the Third was king."

We should like to know, how many of the great social expressions there are which can be adequately measured in our day by the scale of 1768. Why, even our moral measures are corrections of the standard of George III. Our very ethics, social or political, are no longer the same. Of the mutilated "wisdom of our ancestors," many of the fragments that we yet retain are cherished by us in a proverbial only, not a representative, character, and embalmed as aphorisms after they are extinct as truths. Our very dialectic refuses to wear the tight costume of George the Third's age. We know in our day, for instance, that the old familiar precept, to "shun change," which was deemed safe teaching then, can be sound teaching only in a state wherein things are not constantly changing all around us,—and that the injunction to "let well alone" is practically useful on the sole condition that *well* shall be an invariable quantity. So long as any given thing has a relation to shifting circumstances around it, *change* in itself consists in remaining the same. If the Royal Academy were *well* instituted at the period of its creation, its institutions must for that express reason be ill suited to the wants of the present time. If it were rightly shaped to the Art conditions amid which it saw the light, it can have no due adjustment to the Art conditions which surround and appeal to its maturity. The very theory of its perfection ninety years ago, must, interpreted according to the mere letter, be the theory of its insufficiency to-day.

To say, merely, that the constituency for a national institution which shall be an adequate embodiment and representation of the Fine Arts amongst us at the present time is, at the least, six times as large as that out of which the Royal Academy originally issued, is to give a very incomplete expression to the amount of the interests now pressing for representation by means of such an institution. The mere numbers of the artists who constitute the true Art body of the nation now, and who should therefore form a part of any institution which affects generally to incorporate our artists, is—as we shall shortly have to show—a part only of the facts in the case,—though a part of itself sufficient, if there were no more, to sustain the argument for a new solution of the Academy question. When first it was felt expedient to give academic figure, and something like means of corporate action, to our native arts, the number of artists thought necessary to compose an academic presence of sufficient dignity and consistency was obtained,—and that, not without difficulty, and some delay,—only by admitting complementarily into the body two classes of persons who are excluded from membership to-day,—foreigners and females. It may be questioned much, whether the age was ripe for a native Academy of Arts which could not find amongst the body of native artists a sufficient number of members to constitute such Academy. Be that as it may, however,—out of the thirty-six Academicians whom alone it was found possible at the beginning to get together towards the full number of forty which was the appointed figure of the young institution, nine were recruited from the ranks of foreign artists,—without seeking to include in that category its future president, the American, West,—and two, Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffman, belonged to what we apprehend is considered (though we are not quite certain whether the modern exclusion be formal, or merely casual,) the non-academic sex. The exclusion of the foreigner from a native Academy of Arts,—except under some system of honorary *attaché*-ship, to be incorporated into its new and enlarged constitutions, when we get them,—will be recognized at once, we apprehend, as a sound



principle. The exclusion of female art, where it can make its title to admission good on all other grounds than that of the artist's sex alone, we hope to see either justified on some argument which for ourselves we fail to discover, or abandoned as resting on no good argument at all. There are, our readers know, some strange motives operating, avowedly and otherwise, as the basis of action in this Academy; but we fancy, that even an institution which appoints its professors not to profess, and gives its annual dinner as a sort of picture trade sale, would yet hesitate to suggest the *alliteration* as a reason for placing the female in the category of the foreigner. We should not, however, like to assign a limit to what some of the older and less apprehensive members of the Academy would do in the direction of the whimsical. But, even if it should be finally determined, that the higher rank of the Academicianship is a senate, and its members must wear beards,—and, on business grounds, and some other grounds of very sound policy, there is sufficient argument why this should be so,—we can yet see no avowable reason for refusing the properly-constituted claim of the lady artist to associateship, when the Associates' door shall have been opened, as we hope to see it, sufficiently wide to let in the body generally of the profession.—But, to return from a digression which anticipates a portion of our argument.—Such as we have described it, was the condition of the Art supply that furnished the infant figure of the Royal Academy; and it will be at once allowed, that, as in the case of infancy generally, the investiture was somewhat larger than the figure demanded, or could fill. It was expected, we must presume, that the figure would grow, up to the lines provided for it,—and out of them.—How, then, sits the academic garment for which the Arts were measured in George the Third's time on the Art figure of to-day? Simply,—to speak in the language of the metaphor,—it clothes but a small portion of the whole, and cramps what it clothes. In language more direct,—for every member who vacates one of the seats which in the young days of the Academy it was found so difficult to fill, there are half a dozen candidates waiting now,—each with the necessary amount of qualification in his pocket,—but, one only of whom it is possible to seat. The narrow ways that lead into the narrow temple of the academic privilege are beset by a crowd of highly-certificated artists,—few of whom it is possible ever to admit at all,—those few only at long intervals, and by one at a time,—and the fortunate one, only through the avenue that leads over a newly-closed grave. To the inner chambers of the Academy, Death is sole door-keeper. As we have before said, the new Academician steps up to his chair by the help of a coffin,—and wears as part of his academic costume a dead man's shoes. The title of some distinguished artist to the full honours of his profession, written in immortal characters on the Academy walls, and long since recognized within and without, can be completed only at the cost of a life.—Nor does any single election of Academician or Associate take place, which does not leave behind it, to balance the sense of tardy justice done in one instance, a sense of individual injustice, more or less deeply felt and resented, in others:—while a sense of general injustice pervades the whole body of the profession, at the narrowness of a scheme which renders the individual injustice inevitable, and the authorised character of the assumption which gives its sting to both. The Academy is so constituted, that the boon which it confers on the one is a heart-burn to half-a-dozen,—and the stigma which its neglect inflicts on the many it has power to avoid only for the very few. Affecting to be a head to the Arts

of the country, it detaches itself needlessly from their main body:—arrogating to itself a sort of state recognition, it claims the immunities and irresponsibilities of a private association. Society after society has sprung up amongst the artists outside, formed to undertake that part of the Art administration which the Academy rejects, and save those Art interests which the Academy throws overboard. The Royal Academy, which by its failure of comprehensive action has created the occasion for these several institutions, by the largeness of its figure is in the way of them all. What its own deficiency summons, its own pretension obstructs. Dragging its anchors of 1768, it pulls right across the Art currents of to-day. It is held in the tideway which it neither uses nor leaves free by the moorings laid down for it by George III.—Meantime, the lights are burning steadily and conspicuously by which it should steer, if it would reach the high position which at this moment, we believe, awaits its own deliberate acceptance or rejection.

That the interests of the public suffer even more than the interests of the Academy from this state of things, is beginning to be strongly felt; and there are more reasons than one just now pressing from without, which point to the necessity of another and an early solution of these academy questions, in one sense or another. Before alluding more in detail to the external circumstances which are hurrying on a reform, and to the nature of the reform needed, it will be well to inquire how far this external pressure is at length felt within the walls of the Academy itself, and what prospect may have arisen of aid from the Academicians in the amendment of their own constitutions.

They who, like ourselves, are in the habit of watching with some anxiety the action of this body politic, will not have failed to notice a variety of symptoms testifying to the fact, that the force of public opinion is beginning to reach it from without,—and that there is a growing party within who are determined to give to that force its reasonable effect, and to that recognition of the force its practical application. The spirit of reform, we rejoice to say, is visibly stirring within the walls of the Royal Academy itself; and though his first steps on this unaccustomed ground are timid and ill assured, and amount, in truth, to very little more than a mere announcement of his presence, yet, that presence is itself a fact full of significance in a quarter where resistance to him has hitherto taken the form of absolute exclusion. Till we had reform fairly on the ground, we could not proceed to take out letters of naturalization for him. With those who ignored him altogether, there could, of course, be no discussion as to his proportions. The argument of reform is a wedge-like argument,—and powerful only on condition that you get the small end in. These are truths which have been recognised with the earnestness of alarm by some of the older members of the Academy, who stick sleepily by the ancient argument. It is not without an avowed feeling of uneasiness that they see the old copy-book texts dealt with irreverently. Even such bit-by-bit measures as point in the direction of progress, without, however, making it, must be affirmed, much advance towards it, are resolutely resisted by them on the express ground that they *do* show the road. That they effect, in fact, scarcely anything of that which they indicate, is met openly by the objection that they admit the necessity there is for something being effected. Changes which these men might hold to be indifferent in themselves, they hold to be dangerous in that they *are* change.—Thus, the recent relaxation of that law of the Academy in virtue of which a vacancy accruing in the ranks of the Academicians might remain unfilled up for a period of nearly fifteen months, was opposed by them, not on the merits of the

law itself, but because the relaxation of it *was* a relaxation. The attempt now making to extend the correction of the same absurdity (or, rather, wrong,—or, both,—for, it was a wrong wrought absurdly, and an absurdity maintained wrongfully,) to the case of the Associate,—such extension being, after the other, a proposition of the merest and most simple logic,—is resisted on the avowed argument, that it is one more tap of the insidious wedge. We cannot deny, that the fears of the parties in question are well founded. Both these amendments *do* involve a concession, that the scheme of the Academy is somewhat too tight,—and may be conveniently let out here and there, where it can be done without seriously affecting the form of the institution. The concession in either case is a very mild one;—still, it is a concession. The grand point—the *wedge* point—is, the admission of the tightness. The rest will be an affair of driving forward the wedge.—Again:—Mr. Cockerell has for some time past had on the books of the Royal Academy a motion which, like the others, affirms this most important of the principles contended for by ourselves as necessary to a reform of the institution in conformity with the demands of the time,—while it fails to carry out that principle to any sufficient practical issues. In recognition of a position which we have long pointed out, he proposes one of those fractionary measures which express the recognition without occupying the position. His step is what is called “in the right direction;” but it stops infinitely short of the conclusion, its pointing towards which *makes* the direction right. Still, Mr. Cockerell's proposition helps the cause incidentally. With very little virtue in itself, it will be the occasion of a virtue to come. Each patch that we add to the old constitution of the Academy, contributes its argument to the necessity for getting a new and respectable constitution in the end. For the present, however, while Mr. Cockerell allows, by his motion, that the scheme of the Royal Academy is not large enough for the Art-figure of the age,—he introduces a remedy which will offend the sticklers for exclusiveness by the admission itself, and disappoint the advocates of progress by its inefficiency. He aims at an increase in the number of Royal Academicians by means of a measure which argues for the increase, while it will, we apprehend, leave the number pretty nearly what it at present is. Mr. Cockerell's plan is, that of creating a new order of Academicians,—whose ranks he proposes to supply by volunteers from the existing body. The members of the projected new order he calls “superannuation” Academicians; and any Royal Academician who may, from age or from infirmity, be desirous of withdrawing from the activities and responsibilities of office, is to retire, if he will, into this supplementary order, retaining all rights and dignities which pertain to his present position, and divesting himself only of its cares and duties. For every Academician availing himself of this privilege of honorary membership, Mr. Cockerell would elect another member into the body of forty;—thus kept intact according to the formal prescription, while evaded by means of a sort of *ante mortem* death. Now, will Mr. Cockerell tell us, in all honesty, how many vacancies he, in his most sanguine mood, has reckoned on creating in the present ranks of the Academy, by the erection of this academical hospital?—and whether, in the event of his being able to tempt some solitary member or so into its wards, a proposition which affirms that forty is a number too small to express the representative Art of the age, is adequately enforced in practice by a machinery which works to a result of forty-one? If, indeed, the optional character of the measure were abandoned, and retirement into the new order were made compulsory under given



conditions,—this measure might doubtless have a certain limited operation in enlarging the numerical scheme of the institution. But, as we have hinted, all such half measures as these are mere evasions of the true principle now struggling for assertion. They create a feeling as angry among the friends to prescription as larger measures would,—and fail wholly to satisfy those more enlightened members of the Academy who see clearly that reform in the spirit of the age is a condition of its future greatness.—This motion of Mr. Cockerell's, however, though it proposes that which is of no great operative value, standing alone, contains, nevertheless, a suggestion which might very conveniently be considered in such larger scheme of reconstruction as we hope yet, and ere long, to see carried out. The readers of this Journal have not now to be told, that the arguments for a superannuation class in the Royal Academy are cogent enough. The superannuation, they know, we have practically already:—Mr. Cockerell's motion would merely provide, that it should appear in its own name,—and make a vacancy for an efficient member.—The proposal in question has, we may add, been referred to the council of the Royal Academy, for their deliberation; and, judging by the time which has elapsed since the reference was made, they certainly exhibit no eagerness to bring that deliberation to the issue sought.

The great difficulty with which the Royal Academy has to contend in its attempts to take such an attitude as may not be offensive to the large body of British artists, consists in its own hybrid character. Neither a public institution, properly speaking, nor a private one,—it insists on being both. It claims to have the authority of a public body, with the immunities of a private one,—to be private as regards responsibility, and public for representation. It stands before the world in a corporate attitude, without being a corporation,—has a corporate air, without corporate functions. Assuming to be a mere association of individuals, promoting the Arts by their own methods and for their own benefit, and having no obligations to the state,—the costly lodging which the Royal Academy enjoys from the state does, in fact, raise a moral obligation, were it only in its character of an endowment,—while it creates no legal one. But, there is no denying, that this form of state subsidy is something more, in effect, than a mere endowment. The fact of the institution in question being housed in one of the national palaces does unquestionably give to it a primacy over all Art-institutions that may venture to compete with it,—and invests it with that national character which it accepts as a property without admitting as a claim. The world in general, as we verily believe, has no suspicion that the Royal Academy is without a charter,—and that each Academician holds his diploma individually and directly from the crown. The Academy not only is *not* a national academy,—it is *not* a private academy either, in that independent sense pretended. It is emphatically, what George III. made it,—a *Royal* Academy. To all intents and purposes, the Queen is its visitor. Its very appointments are made, subject to her approval, and held during her good pleasure. Of all this, however, nothing appears on the surface; and there is no question, whatever, that the Royal Academy does receive such an amount of sanction from the state, as places it at the head of the Arts in England, and gives it that authority as its possession which is in no sense its right. This, which is a sore at home, is a snare abroad. In the eyes of Europe generally, there is little doubt, that the Royal Academy is regarded as taking that position which the great continental academies hold,—and, therefore, charged, like them, not only with the custody of native Art, but with the obligation to do its honours. Here,

it fails lamentably,—and the Art-character of the country suffers grievously by its failure. Here, the undefined and double character of the institution operates towards a serious impeachment of the public comities. Its narrow and beneficiary action comes in, to control its representative function,—and the foreign appeal to what is supposed to be the national hospitalities it meets in the contracted spirit of a personal code. It is not to be expected, that the institution which incorporates into its very laws the expression of its sordidness and its sycophancy, should hail the stranger artist in the high and generous tone of a national representation. It is too much to hope, that a society which, at home, chooses, under a formula, for its guests, at the one annual banquet which it gives, those only who are most likely to pay for the dinner,—the picture-buyer, and persons "in elevated situations," or "of high rank,"—should recognize the privileges which make a more spiritual appeal when they present themselves in the person of the foreigner. We know of cases in which artists from abroad have experienced at the hands of the Royal Academy an amount of inhospitality which would have been impossible had it been, in any high sense, the national institution that in all probability they imagined it to be. This is, we repeat, a grievous inconvenience. The right of the Royal Academy to "do what it will with its own," is not disputed; but it is becoming of pressing importance, that it should either divest itself of that character of authority which commits the nation to its discourtesies, or rise to the dignity of the character and fulfil its demands. Instances like those to which we allude are carried back by artists to their continental homes, and present our country to the foreign mind in an aspect which is not true to the earnest love of Art that is growing and spreading amongst the people.—Even at home, there are stories circulating throughout the profession, in which the Academy figures injuriously, and the parties aggrieved are brother artists of their own:—stories that increase the original ill-will which their privilege creates, by the narrow spirit in which they interpret it. Take as a single instance of the thing we mean, what happened last year to an artist from the North,—a distinguished member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and having, besides, official duties to perform, by the appointment of the state, in connection with his art. Chained by those duties, this gentleman was prevented from visiting London during the whole of the period when the exhibition of our own Royal Academy was open to the public,—but contrived to reach it on the morning of that evening when the artists meet within its walls in conversation, and the pictures are exhibited, by gaslight, to a select few. Never doubting—how should he?—that this last chance could be turned to account by an artist like himself, he applied to the President for a card of admission, and stated, as above, the facts on which his application was grounded. We suppose, it would require a character as unquestionable as his own to command the belief of his brethren of the palette, when he got back to the Scottish metropolis, and told them he had been refused!—No explanation can be satisfactory in this discreditable matter. Either the President of the Royal Academy has, or he *should* have, such a very moderate amount of discretion as would be sufficient to meet the unquestionable claims of an exceptional case like this.

The time has come, when between these two several and conflicting characters to both of which it pretends, it is fit that the Royal Academy should make a choice. It must, we repeat, elect, at last, either to rise into a national institution, or to sink into one strictly private. Some body we daily more and more want to fill the functions which at present it virtually abdicates,

—and such a body as we need, *it* is more than any other qualified to become. All the great European institutions of the kind have had beginnings like its own, and their growth has been in a similar direction to that which we indicate. The French Academy is a State expansion of academies that had severally a private origin,—and so is the Roman Academy of St. Luke. Everywhere, it has been found, that as the Arts grew, which these institutions fostered, the growth has demanded a larger development on their part to keep pace with it. Private associations may do much towards laying, and strengthening, the foundations of a national Art,—but the Art that has at last become national, must be rescued from the keeping of a coterie.

Should, then, the Royal Academy be prepared to answer in its own person the demands of the time,—to accept the high mission which invites it, and which, in its default, must fall somewhere else,—its first step should be, as we have formerly pointed out, to ask the Government for a charter. Apart from all objections directed against the narrow scheme on which the Academy operates, its essential constitution is not in harmony with the spirit of the age. An institution wearing the livery of a court, is ill-suited to be the expression and guide of that large Art-development which has grown national in its character and in its aims. A body, as we have said, whose independent action within, is restrained by the prerogative, cannot pretend to a large and independent action without. For free expatriation over the wide sea that lies around them, we recommend the Academicians to lift the anchor laid down ninety years ago in the royal closet. Cast loose, then, from their ancient moorings by that royal buoy, their charter should be such as will give them a full and comprehensive sweep over the boundless sea before them,—empowering them to steer with the strong set of the great Art-currents, and to catch into their sails all the favouring taste-winds that blow. No swinging for the regenerated body in the tideway by some old prerogative cable, in virtue of which it neither moves itself nor lets others pass:—but, riding majestically over the Art-waters as they roll, let it take, as the national ship should, all the Arts of the country into its convoy. Quitting metaphor:—we have already pointed out, that, in order to be a true and majestic impersonation of British Art, the body of the Royal Academy should be composed of all who contribute to make British Art illustrious. To present the true figure of the country's greatness in this respect, it should omit no part that helps to build up the figure. We are not in this article objecting to—nor, indeed, considering at all the question of—an ascending scale of ranks and dignities in the inner region of such an Academy itself; but intending, for the present, to deal only with that practical wrong and theoretic absurdity which defines an express limit on the outer borders of this enchanted Art-land.—"The Society," says constitution the first of the Royal Academy, "shall consist of Forty Members, who shall be called *Academicians* of the Royal Academy."—"There shall be," says constitution the second, "another order or rank, *not exceeding twenty in number*, who shall be called *Associates* of the Royal Academy."—Now, not to insist just now on the merely arbitrary and unessential character of this very distinction of ranks,—not to dwell very emphatically on the fact, that, as the Academician is elected out of the body of Associates, and *only* out of their body, the precedence is simply ceremonial, and the division into two classes expresses only one and the same order of merit or qualification,—let us confine our present argument to the far larger absurdity involved in the final limitation which deter-



mines the extreme circle of the Academy. The associates shall "not exceed twenty in number!" Why?—Why not nineteen, as well?—why not twenty-one? Of course, the Academy does not say, there shall not be more than twenty persons *worthy* to be associates:—that would be King Canute's order to keep back the tides. But it says, whatever number of artists the growing richness of the soil may yield, we practically recognise only twenty of them as eligible to come in and sit at our lower table. It is our pleasure to define, according to a measure of our own, what we quite clearly see can only make, in fact, its own definition. The thing itself is elastic,—but our rule in reference to it is absolute and invariable. There may be fifty artists whom it would be an honour to any academy to associate to itself,—a hundred, if you will, it makes no difference,—there are only twenty possible associates. We distinctly refuse to associate with more than twenty artists, besides our own academicians body; and so far as the effect of our institution is concerned, we will keep down the figure of artist-worth to that number. There is a great deal too much cleverness abroad,—and, Malthusian as our practice is, we have been quite unable to check its growth; but what we can do, we will,—after twenty, we ignore it. Of all the Art-greatness which cannot be expressed by the cabalistic number *twenty*, we know officially nothing,—though practically compelled to hear a good deal about it. There is specific virtue in twenty. That is our number,—the number laid down for us by George III. ninety years ago;—and, in addition to its other merits, it has now the merit of prescription.—There is no doubt whatever, that a private body of men may agree to consist of as many members or as few as they please for purposes of their own,—but it is quite certain, that they should no longer be allowed to do so in the character of a national representation. Logic like this is of course permissible to artists, or to others, who, having to themselves the entire of the interest in the argument, may shape that argument as they will; but it is simply absurd as expressing the scheme or argument of a National Academy. Even as a *Royal* Academy, it can never have been intended that this body should overlook the growth of ages; but this at any rate is clear,—a body holding such language the state should not lodge in its palaces, nor clothe with its visible sanctions. The new charter should sweep all this kind of dialectic away,—and be written in a language suitable to the necessities and conditions of the times. The dignity of the Academicianship itself, we contend, would be marvellously enhanced by the destruction of the exclusion in which it is set,—and the heart-sores which surround the institution now, and make it a canker in the artist-life of England, would give way, as a consequence, to the genial and Art-promoting sense of a common interest cemented in a common bond. Of the present system, as in a former article we said, "the wrong and the evil fall everywhere,—as much on the Academy who loses the distinguished artist, as on the distinguished artist who misses the Academy. Every man of due qualification who is excluded from an association that undertakes to present in itself the body of recognised English Art, suffers an injustice, and has a mark of depreciation set on him, by authority;—and the great corporate figure of the association itself loses something for every great artist whom it omits from its list of associates. Surely, a scheme that should sweep into the system of the Academy all that is illustrious in the Arts of England must of necessity give to it a grander presence in the eyes of Europe."—We have already, on a former occasion, laid down the general outlines of such a constitution as we should desire

to see the new charter of the Royal Academy embody;—and are ready to do so again, and in greater detail, whenever the fitting occasion shall present itself. Meantime, we confine ourselves to saying, that its leading feature would be, the power and the duty of affiliating to itself all the Art-ability which appeals to the Academy's adoption and can minister to its illustration. To the numbers of associates there need, we insist, be no limit, save the limit of the Art-worth that presents itself for enrolment. As at a university, every artist should be entitled to take his degree in the Academy, who comes furnished with the excellence which is the true qualification. To all these, under such arrangements and modifications as may be hereafter determined on, should be given a share, actual or virtual, in the government of the institution; and they should form a constituency to adjudge the great final prizes of the profession. Surely,—as we have said before, and say again,—the crowning honour of the Academician's chair, filled by the award of all that is eminent in the Arts of England, would gain immensely in dignity from the larger and more enriched basis on which it would, under such a constitution, be made to stand.

We stated at an earlier period of this article, that the argument for a revised constitution of the Royal Academy which derives from the increase of numbers in the Art-body since the foundations of the Academy were laid, is only a portion of the whole argument in the case. At that particular point of the question it is, no doubt, that the sense of incongruity first and most conspicuously meets the inquirer; but it would, as we hinted then, be a mistake to suppose that the artist is the only party having an interest in the inquiry. The fact is, the whole conditions of the Art-question are altered since George the Third's time. Art, which was, then, the luxury of the aristocratic few, is becoming more and more, in the intelligent sense, an affair and a possession of the people. The Art whose patrons were, it may be said, a coterie, a coterie might adequately administer,—but a national thirst for the Fine Arts must be fed by a higher organization. Art mingles now in the education, softens the labours, informs the amusements, and enters generally into the aims of the masses. Over all these facts and tendencies an Art-academy has properly a mission. By its mouth-pieces in Parliament, the people have voted large sums for the promotion of Art and Art-education in many ways. They have become the conscious possessor of priceless treasures, and are constantly on the look out to increase the store. Out of all these changed and growing conditions arise a class of duties for a national institution not provided for by the narrow arrangements of George III. The function of a national Art-academy, in our day, is not exhausted with its teaching in the Art-schools. It has a large pupilage out of doors, whom, by means proper to itself, it should prepare to receive the results of the lessons which it gives to the pupilage within. Under some system, which it belongs to its own duties, when it shall thoroughly understand them, to devise, the walls of all our picture galleries should become its lecture-rooms. To the special training which it has hitherto given, and given liberally, it should add the general instruction which it has hitherto entirely overlooked. As we have before observed, it has to comment on all the great picture texts which the people possess,—and the Art-wealth which the nation has acquired by purchase or by gift, it has to prepare the nation to enjoy. This is the sort of institution demanded by the times in which we live, and which Government should at length help us to see provided. If the Royal Academy be willing to bring its great traditions in aid of such an institution, it has but to ask,

what the Government will surely give,—a charter introducing it into the necessary relations with the state and placing it under the necessary responsibilities to the public, enabling it to expand its figure to the dimensions suggested, and conferring on it powers and capacities equal to the enlarged action sought.

The one pressing reason why we have returned to this subject at the present time, and urged it with more than common earnestness, remains to be stated. No one, we think, who followed us in November last (see *Art-Journal*, No. XXXV, p. 329), through our analysis of the evidence given before the Commissioners appointed by Government to inquire into the question of a site for the National Gallery, can for a moment doubt that the pictures forming that priceless collection must, without much further delay, be rescued from the calamities with which, on overwhelming testimony, they are threatened in Trafalgar Square. Never was a case for removal more pressingly made out. The public were fairly startled by the revelations of that Blue-book; and the more earnest amongst them are beginning to manifest a sort of impatience that interests so precious should be perilled at the suggestion of any motives which do not keep *them* first in view, and any interests less precious than themselves. If the one solitary argument against the removal which is drawn from distance, as it affects the use of the pictures, were of tenfold the force that it is, it must give way before the body of arguments that menace their very existence. It is simply idle, to discuss the more or less of opportunity incidentally obtained by a process which subjects the essence of all opportunity to the visible hand of the destroyer. But, the fact is, that this single argument drawn from distance has itself been polemically overstated. It is by no means our own intention to follow the example of over-statement, by denying to the argument the weight which properly belongs to it; but a little candid consideration of facts and figures will, we think, show, that it may be so reduced in proportions as to leave it no chance of standing up for a moment against the serious case which there is on the other side.—It is, of course, not pretended by any one that the argument of distance is an argument at all as it affects the wealthy classes who move about at will, with time for a part of their superfluous wealth, and the means of easy locomotion as an instrument for doubling it.—Then, in the case of the Art-student, we question whether it might not be contended that such a light distance as that which leads from our crowded streets to Kensington Gore is as much a gain to him as it can be a loss, in the progress of his studies. But whether this be so or no, the loss is not essential, and can in no case be great; and it is to the student, above all others, of first importance that the precious book shall be kept legible from which he has to learn.—It is in the name of the public generally, however,—of the working masses, whose capital is time, and who must turn that small portion of it which they can give to objects like these to the best account,—that the argument against removal is principally put forward. It is this emphatically national use of the national collection which is urged as a reason for keeping it, as is assumed, within most easy reach of the toiling public, by retaining its present location in Trafalgar Square. That this great popular interest should be put forward as mainly influencing such a question as this, is, indeed, a striking sign of the times,—marking all the space that opinion has travelled since the days of George III. But, they who look at the returns of visitors to the national and other collections, and to temptations of a similarly wholesome and refined nature, which lie distances two or three times as great away, may well doubt whether the popular argument has



been rightly read. The working masses—and let it never be forgotten, how immense a majority of all the public, of all ranks and all classes, that term embraces,—the working masses have more objects than one on which to lay out the little capital of time that they can spare to spend from actual work. They have to buy with it fresh air, and the health it feeds,—they have to buy the enlargement of knowledge and refinement of thought which these fine national collections help to nourish,—and they have to buy that intellectual enjoyment which is moral health, and circulates perennially around all the great masterpieces of mind. All these objects of purchase help and fortify one another; and if, out of the small capital of time at its disposal the public can purchase them by a single act, it has unquestionably turned its savings of this kind to the largest account. The fact is, the people love, now, to have an aim beyond enjoyment in their mere enjoyments, and to give to their very search for air the appearance of a search for information. This is a habit of the popular mind by every means to be encouraged; and we say, as we have said before, that the statesman who, observing it, gives to the people a new motive for coming abroad to the natural health fountains,—such motive for instance, as the national pictures at Kensington Gore might be,—is a benefactor of the same beneficent class as he who of old sank a well in the desert.

But, a few figures from the records of the museum collecting for popular use on the very ground now in question, will be a case directly in point. We will take a couple of months—the one a summer, and the other a winter, month—in two several years, in the one of which the Museum of Ornamental Art was in the streets of London, while in the other it was on the people's estate at Kensington. We omit the year 1856, when the establishment was in progress of breaking up at the one place for removal to the other, and the transition state of things would make the comparison unfair,—and we will take the year which preceded, and that which immediately followed. In July, 1855, the number of visitors at the museum, when at Marlborough House, was 7438:—in July, 1857, at South Kensington, it was 23,924. To this last has to be added the evening attendance in the same month,—but for which the same opportunity was not given at Marlborough House;—and this amounted to 22,828. This aggregate of 46,752 makes the visits to Kensington in July, 1857, more than six times as many as those paid only two years before to the same institution in Marlborough House. At Marlborough House, in October, 1855, there were 9100 visitors:—at South Kensington, there were, in the morning, 16,411, and in the evening, 21,732,—making a total of 38,143, and an increase more than four-fold.—We may add, that the average attendance during five months at South Kensington was 44,000 monthly, or half a million a year,—while the average monthly attendance at Marlborough House was 7800.—Now, of course, we would by no means be understood as seeking to claim the whole of this increase to the credit of our argument. Much of it is due to the opening of the museum in the evening,—and something goes, no doubt, to the account of the natural development of the institution. It is sufficient for our purpose to have shown, that, not only has such development suffered no check from the removal of the museum to the people's estate at Kensington,—but that the increase there has been in a ratio far beyond what could have been reasonably predicated from the rate of progress at Marlborough House.

Well, then, from Trafalgar Square we conclude it is inevitable that the national pictures must go:—and in that case, their present

splendid home will be ready for a new appropriation. Of the palace which houses them now the Royal Academy is already in possession, as joint tenant,—though only at the national will;—and the opportunity which possession gives, the Royal Academy is not a body to overlook. For all the purposes of such a national institution as the age demands, and as we have been urging, this is a magnificent site, and a sufficient building. The supply of the national want in this respect is rendered far more easy by the opportunity which the vacation of the building in question will afford. The chance is one on no account to be overlooked. On such an association as the Royal Academy at present is, this palace of the nation must not be thrown away. We hope Parliament will demand a strict account of the ministerial intentions in respect of this building, should facts place it at the disposal of the Government. If the Academy desire to occupy at once this national palace and the great Art position which it should represent, now is the time for Government to make terms with the Academy. If that body be willing to cast off its royalty, and rise to the nationality of the interests involved, a great career, of which its past is but a shadow, awaits it,—and Government may by its means give to the country an institution whose free and vigorous action shall secure for the Arts of England a high and distinguished place among the Art-schools of the world.

#### ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Scottish National Gallery, in Edinburgh, which was completed in 1856, has been made the subject of a Treasury minute, which was drawn up by Mr. Wilson before leaving office. The five eastern and one central galleries are to be devoted for four months every year to the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy; the five western and one central galleries shall be reserved for the formation of a Scottish National Gallery of Art, and shall be permanently and exclusively so occupied. For the formation of a National Gallery there are four collections of paintings immediately available—namely, the valuable collection of the Royal Scottish Academy, the collection belonging to the Royal Institution, the interesting collection bequeathed to the city of Edinburgh by the late Sir James Erskine, of Torrie, and the collection belonging to the Board of Manufactures, besides various pictures belonging to the National Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, and others belonging to private individuals. These collections are, for the most part, at present exhibited in the building of the Royal Institution, and, on their removal, the galleries there are to be devoted to the exhibition of the interesting museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which the society has generously handed over to Government free of cost, for behoof of the public, to whom it will always be gratuitously open. The Treasury minute proposes that the annual charge of the National Gallery, amounting to £1142, shall be paid by the Board of Manufactures, from whose funds came £20,000 out of the £50,000 which the building cost, the larger portion being contributed by parliamentary grant. Mr. W. B. Johnston, a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, has been appointed principal curator and keeper of the National Gallery, at a salary of £250. For fitting up the saloons of the Royal Institution for the Antiquarian Museum, a parliamentary grant is to be asked of £2032. It is recommended that the School of Design, upheld by the Board of Manufactures, shall cease to form a charge on their funds, and shall be affiliated to the department of Science and Art in London.

LIVERPOOL.—The artists who have seceded from the Liverpool Academy, and established themselves as an independent institution, under the title of the "Liverpool Society of Fine Arts," announce that their arrangements will enable them to open an exhibition in the Queen's Hall, Bold Street, in the month of August or September. Contributions of works are invited from the artists of the metropolis and elsewhere.

NORWICH.—On the 30th of March, the supporters of the Norwich School of Art assembled in the rooms

of the institution to receive the Report of the committee for the last seasonal year; or rather, as it appears in the document, for the last eighteen months. The number of pupils attending the central school, during this period, was 268, showing an increase of 72 over the preceding eighteen months; the number of students in the out-door schools was 1125. Mr. G. R. Wilde, the government inspector of these institutions, visited the school in February, and after an examination of the students and their works, awarded twenty medals for distribution: to one pupil, George Searles, a silver medal was awarded. Sir S. Bignold's Scholarship, value £15, was gained by Charlotte Cartwright, with whom George Easter seems to have had a sharp competition; Mr. J. G. Johnson's Scholarship, value £10, was carried off by George Searles, the committee at the same time highly commending the drawings sent in by Henry Jean. Miss Cartwright, Messrs. L. J. King, Searles, and Easter, have been appointed, by the department of Science and Art, pupil-teachers in the school, a position that entitles them to a gratuitous application of all the advantages the institution offers, and also to an annual allowance of £20. The Report announces the retirement of J. H. Gurney, Esq., M.P., from the presidency of the school, and the accession of the Bishop of Norwich as one of the vice-presidents. There is a debt of £200 outstanding against the school, arising from repairs effected in the building it lately occupied, and for furniture in that—a new one—in which it is now located. Arrangements are being made to liquidate this debt by a Fine Arts Bazaar, to be held in September next. The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to Mr. Claude Nurse, the head-master, "for his continued exertions in promoting the success of the institution." Mr. Nurse, in addition to the arduous duties as principal, has given his gratuitous services as secretary.

SCARBOROUGH.—Arrangements are being made for an exhibition of pictures here, which is to take place during the busy season, at this fashionable and much frequented bathing-place, designated by the late Dr. Granville, in his "Spas of England," as the "Queen of English Watering-places." The exhibition will be held in the Assembly Rooms, a new and elegant building, in which the architect has had especial care in the management of the light, for showing in the most advantageous manner the objects hanging on the walls. The exhibition will open in August, of which due notice will be given. We have some gratification in making this announcement to artists, as it will afford them a most favourable opportunity of allowing their works to be seen by a very large, influential, and wealthy class of people from all parts of the United Kingdom, who annually frequent this delightful town during the summer and autumnal months.

BIRMINGHAM.—The recent retirement of Mr. George Wallis, the head-master of the Birmingham School of Art, and of Mr. Daniel Wood, the deputy head-master, has called forth an expression of goodwill and kind feeling on the part of the students towards their instructors, which is highly honourable to all. At the last attendance of these gentlemen in the class-rooms, they were respectively addressed by Mr. H. Hill and Mr. G. Hall, two of the pupils, on behalf of their fellow-students, and requested to accept a testimonial as an expression of their respect and esteem. To Mr. Wallis was presented a casket and writing-case of walnut-wood, richly mounted in or-molu, and a handsome pencil-case. The testimonial for Mr. Wood was unfortunately not ready for presentation at the time, but we hear it is to consist of some specimen of local Art-manufacture.

HALIFAX.—A very pleasing improvement has, we understand, been made to the fountains which play on each side the saloon on the terrace of the People's Park. Formerly a single jet of water sprang from the mouth of a fawn, the head and face of which, carved in stone, was placed in each side of the four recesses of the two wings to the saloon, and fell into the basin beneath. The effect of the eight small thin streams of water was not what it ought to have been. This has evidently been felt, for a short distance beneath the orifice of each jet, and about equidistant between it and the water in the basin, has been placed a conch shell, of elegant shape, carved in stone, and into which the water falls, and overflowing the shell, trickles into the basin beneath in ten small streams.

BANBURY.—A memorial of the marriage of the Princess Royal is to be erected, by public subscription, in this town: it will take the shape of a cross and fountain combined. The design of Mr. Gibbs, a local architect, has been selected out of several sent in competition. It is in the decorated Gothic style, the height about 60 feet; six niches are intended to be filled with sculpture.

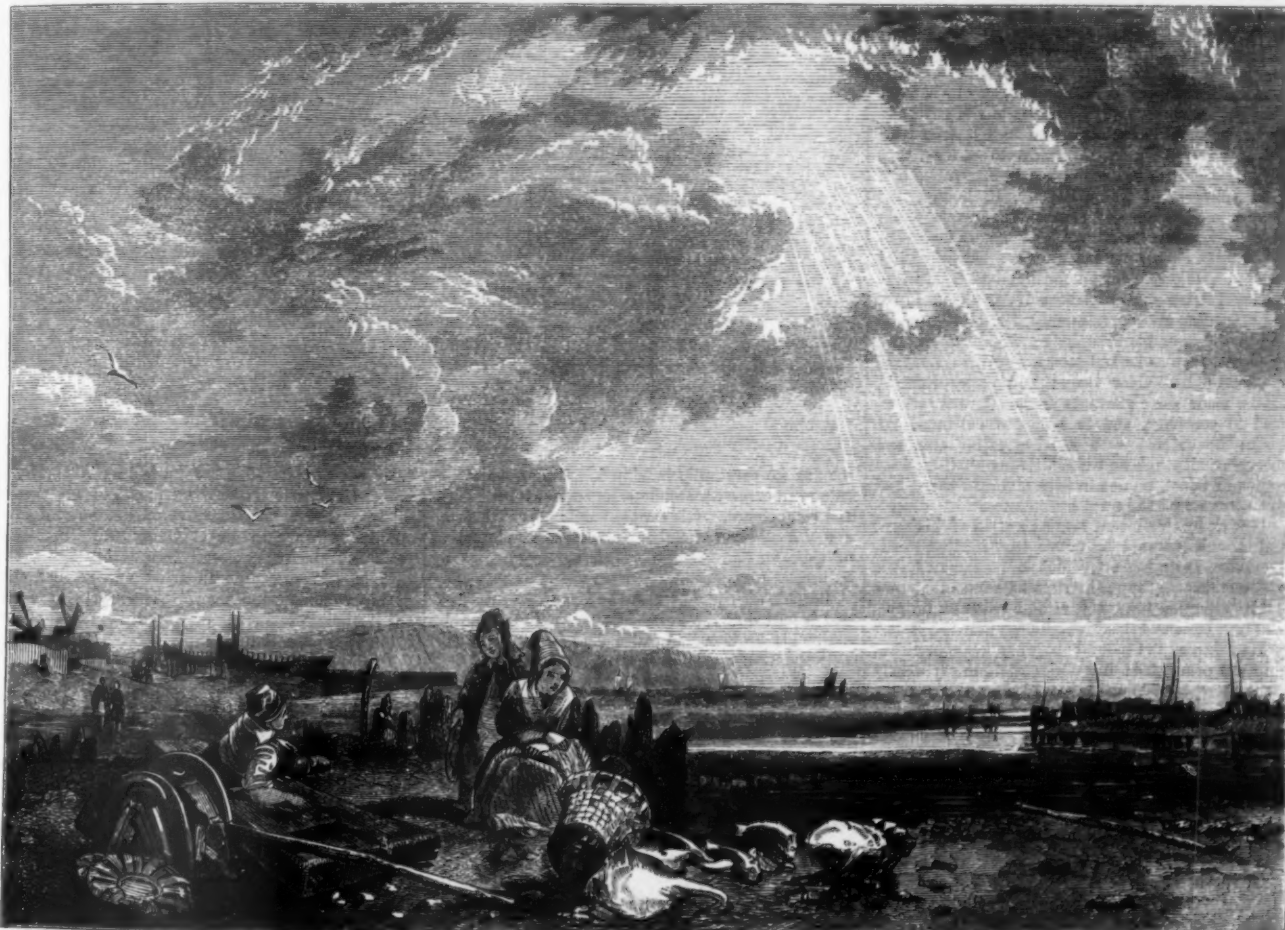


After a short sojourn here Bonington returned home, where, as well as in England, numerous commissions awaited his attention. In his anxiety to accomplish the wishes of his patrons, he laboured incessantly, and exposed himself unguardedly, it is said, to the too great heat of the summer sun, which brought on an attack of brain fever; the measures adopted by his medical attendants to allay the fever, acting upon a constitution naturally delicate, so reduced their patient that every symptom of rapid consumption was soon manifest. As a last hope of recovery, his friends managed to bring him to London, and placed him under the care of Mr. St. John Long, a practitioner who was supposed to be successful in his peculiar treatment of pulmonary disorders. All efforts, however, were vain; within a few days of his arrival, Bonington's career was for ever closed; he died at No. 29, Tottenham Street, on the 23rd of September, 1828, having nearly attained his twenty-seventh year. He was buried in the vault of St. James's Church, Pentonville, in the presence of a large assembly of private friends and of artists—Sir T. Lawrence, the President, and Howard, the secretary, attending as representatives of the Royal Academy; Robson and Pugin, as representatives of the Water-Colour Society, to pay the last tribute of respect to one whose premature death was lamented by all who were cognizant of his worth.

Lawrence, in a letter to Mrs. Forster, announcing the sad event, writes:—"Except in the case of Mr. Harlow, I have never known, in my own time,

the early death of talent so promising, and so rapidly and obviously improving. If I may judge from the later direction of his studies, and from remembrance of a morning's conversation, his mind seemed expanding in every way, and ripening into full maturity of taste and elevated judgment, with that generous ambition which makes confinement to lesser departments in the art painfully irksome and annoying."

The genuine oil-pictures by this artist are very scarce in England; the most numerous, and, with a few exceptions, his best, are in France. In the Vernon collection is, as many of our readers know, a small view of the "Square of St. Mark, Venice." The "Turk reposing," to which allusion has already been made, was in the possession of the late Mr. Rogers, but we do not remember to have seen it in the list of the pictures sold after the death of Mr. Rogers, whose sister, Miss Rogers, was, two or three years ago, the owner of two "Italian Coast Scenes." In the collection of Mr. A. Barker is a charming small female portrait, that shows the versatile talent of the painter. Mr. H. A. Munro possesses a Venetian view, a "Coast Scene," with figures buying and selling fish, and "Francis I. and Margaret of Valois;" in the Grosvenor Gallery, is a very fine "Coast Scene;" at Lord Northwick's mansion, near Cheltenham, another "Coast Scene," and one or two others, of doubtful origin, though ascribed to Bonington. The Marquis of Hertford owns a beautiful specimen, also a "Coast Scene;" the Duke of Bedford another, at Woburn Abbey; and the



Engraved by]

ON THE FRENCH COAST.

[J. and C. P. Nicholls.

Earl of Normanton, at his seat, Somerley, in Hampshire, a picturesque landscape, representing a tract of pasture land, in the foreground is a pool of water, with cows standing in it. These are the whole of Bonington's finished oil-pictures which we have been able to trace out with any certainty as existing in England. Copies, and pictures painted from his sketches, and bearing his name, are in abundance; if our space admitted, we could tell some strange stories of the manner in which these "genuine" Boningtons have found their way into the collections of amateurs.

His sketches in oil from nature, and his water-colour drawings, are tolerably numerous; after his death a large number was sold by Mr. Sotheby, and realised a sum exceeding £1200. The late Mr. Carpenter, of Bond Street, was one of Bonington's earliest patrons in this country, and published a series of very beautiful lithographic prints, which were drawn on stone by Mr. J. D. Harding, from his works. A large mezzotinto engraving, by Quilley, of "THE FISH-MARKET," was also published; we have had it copied, as one of our illustrations.

Though Bonington produced several historical pictures, and others also in which figures constitute the prominent features, and though these works are of sterling merit, accurate in drawing, forcible in expression, elegant in composition, and brilliant in colouring, yet he will always be most widely, if not most favourably, known as a landscape-painter. His first appearance in

England was at a period when, as it has been remarked, our school "was agitated by no convulsive throes of genius; when painting seemed to have settled down into quiet and decent unobtrusiveness." True, we had among our landscape artists, Turner, Callcott, Constable, and Collins, but the first had not then visited Italy, and given to the world those wondrous pictures, the results of his foreign travel, and the others kept "the even tenor of their way" as admirable painters of English scenery, delighting, rather than astonishing, the public. But Bonington's style took the world of Art here by surprise; the power of his pencil, no less than the novel treatment of his subjects, was universally felt and acknowledged by those best qualified to form a judgment. His latest works seem to have been laid upon a threefold basis, or rather, to have sprung from it: his early training in England, and his recollections of it; his matured studies of the old masters in the schools of France; and the impressions made by his visit to Italy. The genius of this artist exercised a vast and beneficial influence both on our own school of painting and on that of France: it roused the former from a state of comparative inanition, exciting, especially among the younger painters, a spirit of emulation, and it gave to the latter a tone of truthfulness and brilliancy it had not before, and which, though now somewhat impaired, it has not yet altogether lost.

\* Cunningham's "Lives of the British Painters," &c.

# THE TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 2.—THOMAS BEWICK.

NATURE is a grateful mistress to her votaries, and there is no instance of the artist who has studied her beauties, and honestly depicted them, being unrewarded by Fame. Bewick is a prominent example; he studiously and perseveringly devoted himself to this study, and the celebrity he won in his life has increased since his death; all modern refinements in the art of wood engraving cannot eclipse or rival the simple truth and vigour of his woodcuts—

"And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne."

Thomas Bewick was born in 1753, at Cherry-burn, about twelve miles west of Newcastle, and received his earliest education at Ovingham, on the opposite bank of the river Tyne, Northumberland. His father rented a landsale colliery at Mickley-bank, in the same township, and he assisted him in his labour, having consequently that privation of education which a poor man's son has always to contend against. He had never lost a chance of improvement, and in good weather or bad walked to his school whenever he could be spared, and noted those bits of nature in his lonely journeys that won him fame in after life.

Bewick's taste for drawing developed itself very early, and determined his father to apprentice him to an engraver of Newcastle, Mr. R. Beilby, who appears to have taken all classes of engravers' work, from initials on tea-spoons, and names on door-plates, up to copper-plates for books; but his ability was but rarely in demand for the latter. In this employ Bewick did not labour long, for in 1768, one year after his apprenticeship, Dr. Hutton wishing to illustrate his *Treatise on Mensuration* with woodcuts, such as he had seen executed in London, applied to Beilby for them; and young Bewick, having made some attempts in the art, was encouraged to persevere, and to him was entrusted the work: he entered upon it with enthusiasm, and succeeded, although he had difficulties of all kinds to contend against, no one to help him over them, and was necessitated to invent his own tools.

Bewick by this means formed a style of his own, and though it would be unfair to state that wood-engraving was a lost art, which he resuscitated, it is perfectly true that it was his superior genius that drew public attention toward it, established it on its present firm basis, and thus "wedded Art unto the press."

He returned to Cherry-burn when his apprenticeship was completed: it was his custom to pay weekly visits there, and shout his inquiries across the river, when it was too swollen to ford. His heart was in his early home, and when writing in after years to a friend, he says—"I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley-bank top than remain in London, although for so doing I was to be made Premier of England." London was not to his taste; he visited it in 1776 for a short time, and was employed by Hodgson, the best wood-engraver of that day,—probably in consequence of having received, the year before, the award of a medal from the Society of Arts, for a cut illustrative of the fable of the "Huntsman and the Old Hound." In 1777 he returned to Newcastle, entered into partnership with his former master, and thenceforward devoted his chief attention to engraving on wood. His first work was an illustrated edition of "Gay's Fables," published by Saint, of Newcastle, in 1779, whose trade chiefly consisted in children's books, many of which Bewick illustrated in conjunction with his younger brother John. In 1784 they engaged in publishing an illustrated edition of "Select Fables;" but it was in the cuts for the "History of Quadrupeds," published in 1790, that his great genius fully acknowledged itself. The truth and vigour with which the animals were delineated, and the admirable treatment of the accessories,—the characteristic tail-pieces, where his profound study of nature told to such great advantage,—rapidly made him a great fame. He had thus struck out a path for himself in which he is still alone: he was no slavish cutter of lines laid down for his guidance, as the more modern wood-engraver too frequently is; but he cut with his graver out of the wood many an object no draughtsman could place there—such as the minute figures in a farm-scene, the birds that flit in his vignettes,

and the rich foliage that clothes his trees, all of which are expressed by his graver, with the ready knowledge of a dextrous hand, guided by a mind completely familiar with the objects he depicts. Elaborate labour is now bestowed on wood engravings, and wonder may be excited at the weary toil they exhibit; but the vigour and truth of Bewick's bolder works elevate them far above mere manual dexterity—nor will better engraving rival his well-earned fame, until drawing is more definitely expressed with it, as it is in all his woodcuts.

An illustrated History of Birds next engaged his attention, and here his power of delineation strongly appeared: the minutiae of plumage is always wonderfully rendered, and the tail-pieces with which he decorated his pages, are redolent of original genius.

In 1797 Bewick dissolved his partnership, and thenceforward worked with his pupils regularly and methodically at Newcastle, in the house delineated in our cut. It is situated in St. Nicholas church-yard, and the double-windowed room in the roof was



BEWICK'S HOUSE, NEWCASTLE.

the one he constantly inhabited. Here all his best cuts were executed, and here he acquired both fame and competence. His simple habits never left him, nor did he ever indulge in expensive pleasures, or sigh for more than the healthy enjoyments of nature.

Bewick died in 1828, at the age of seventy-five, and is buried at the west end of Ovingham Church, beside his brother John, who died in 1796, at the

early age of thirty-five. John had left his northern home for London, where he practised his art for many years: a pulmonary complaint affected him, and he returned to die at Ovingham. The small tablet on the church wall records his death, and that "his ingenuity as an artist was excelled only by his conduct as a man." His works have not the artistic excellence displayed in those of his brother, whose tomb simply records the death of



BEWICK'S GRAVE, OVINGHAM.

himself and his wife Isabella, whom he outlived two years. He laboured steadily at his art while life lasted; and "The Old Horse waiting for Death," was his last work left unfinished at his decease.

There is a useful lesson in such a life as Bewick's, teaching as it does this great fact,—that fame and competence may await the patient exercise of native talent, directed by the bias of its own strength. Bewick struck out his own course, wisely adhered to it, and was content with what it brought him. His moderate wants were more than sup-

plied, and a happy old age was his reward. More ambitious men have failed to obtain the renown he has secured by his unpretentious Art-labour, and he will be remembered when many who mistake notoriety for fame, and the fashion of a day for the homage of all time, are forgotten. Wordsworth gave a tribute to his genius, and Professor Wilson exclaims of him,—"Happy old man! the delight of childhood, manhood, decaying age! A moral in every tail-piece, a sermon in every vignette."

F. W. FAIRHOLT.



THE  
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE improvement which this society has just effected in the lighting of their exhibition, gives rank to their great room as the best exhibition-hall in London. Heretofore the light was admitted by a lantern roof; that has been removed, and a flat roof substituted, with an aperture sufficiently spacious to light the room so entirely that there is no portion of the wall on which, at a reasonable height, the detail of even the smaller pictures may not be seen. The almost unmitigated power of the light may be found oppressive to eyes otherwise than strongly constituted. So difficult is it to arrive at perfection in the construction of a gallery for pictures, that we have not yet met with that desideratum. If the light could be subdued in the centre of this room, it would, we think, surpass the results of the best efforts that have been recently made even in the Louvre. The exhibition of 1858 opened with a catalogue\* of no less than nine hundred and nineteen works of Art, whereof but very few evince knowledge, power, or study. A single glance, however, tells us that the mere "market" has been all in all. Of the hanging, it must be said that we have never seen "outsiders" less considerably treated.

It would seem that the governing spirit of the whole body is to paint for "connoisseurs," who are easily satisfied; and that to surpass mediocrity would be to go beyond their power to appreciate and consequently to value; that, in a word, British artists, to sell their works, must paint down to the comprehensions of buyers. This is a foolish, and will be a fatal, mistake. It is shown to be foolish even here; for wherever we find a picture of more than average merit it is marked "sold." It must be fatal, because it is impossible to imagine that a continuance of such collected inanities, or worse, can be made to "pay" even the requisite expenses for the maintenance of a society.

We shall select for notice a few of the exhibited works, and "a few" will suffice; for, in truth, those that demand praise are very limited in number; and it is not our plan to notice such as call for no words but those of condemnation.

No. 7. 'News from India,' W. D. KENNEDY. The striking qualities of this artist's works are clear and bright colour, and that kind of manipulation which looks studiously free, yet is without any passage that could be improved by refinement. The figures—two young ladies, as being attired in modern costume, look rather like portraits than pictorial impersonations: the face of one, however, is concealed, as she bends in grief over a letter.

No. 13. \* \* \* \* W. W. GOSLING. In this large picture the dominant object is an ancient and wide-spreading oak, supported at various distances by other trees, the whole constituting a composition of forest scenery, everywhere penetrated and relieved by the cheerful sunlight. The work evinces knowledge, but the eye is instantly challenged by the uncommon tint of the shaded portions of the foliage.

No. 23. 'The Haunted Chamber,' C. ROSSITER. The appearance of the apartment, with its wainscot and ancient armour, effectively supports the title; and the sentiment is enhanced by the girl looking past the edge of the tapestry for the ghost.

No. 27. 'John Iast, huntsman to S. E. Drax, Esq., mounted on his favourite horse, Tramp,' G. COLE. We have no means of judging of the impersonation of the huntsman as a resemblance; it may, however, be said that the animal on which he is mounted is extremely well drawn and painted.

No. 34. 'Lucius Junius Brutus,' W. WATERHOUSE. We are reminded from time to time that we are not yet beyond the "historic period,"—that there are still living some of those artists called by Haydon "historical painters;" but, alas! for the ambition of selecting such a subject as the story of Lucretia, without the introduction of something that nobody has ever before seen therein.

\* We protest against the continued charge of one shilling for this catalogue of 919 lines. It is a mistake even in policy; for, beyond doubt, where one is purchased now, a dozen would be sold if the price were sixpence. The Society can scarcely expect that many will pay a shilling to see the collection and a shilling for a list of its contents.

No. 35. \* \* \* \* ALFRED CLINT.

"Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees  
Just o'er the verge of day."

Such is the quotation standing in the place of a title to a large picture descriptive of a passage of rocky coast scenery, presented under an effect of sunset. The evening is calm, and the sea is at rest, reflecting broadly the hues of the sky. It appears to be a composition; but, real or imaginary, it is made out with a breadth and dignity of treatment which elevate the tone of the work into a touching poetic sentiment.

No. 36. 'A Lane at Albury, near Guildford, Surrey,' VICAR COLE. A simple subject, rendered interesting from its natural colouring, and that stamp of truth which bespeaks its having been painted on the spot.

No. 41. 'Llyan Dinas, North Wales,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The most favourable views of this lake are so much alike that they seem to have been all painted from the same spot. The lake opens immediately under the eye—a dark and lustrous mirror set in a stupendous frame of rock and mountain. The water surface is uniformly dark and sullen, while the sky is bright and cheerful; and this instantly jars upon the sense as a natural discord: the picture is otherwise distinguished by the clean and decided manner of the artist.

No. 42. 'The Ballad,' J. J. HILL. This is a group of two rustics, the principal of whom, a girl, peruses "the ballad," which lies before her on a sheaf of her gleanings. She is much happier in colour and pose than her companion, who is of the other sex.

No. 44. 'Casamicciola, in the Island of Ischia, Neapolitan States,' J. B. PYNE. This picture, we are informed, is painted in "Mr. Hawke's Anglo-medium colours," and it is covered with glass, like a water-colour work. This is the first example of the use of this "medium" that we have seen. It appears to admit of being worked in substance, and with a full brush, and lies with a texture in some degree resembling oil-colour. The work, which is treated as an expression of light, is beautiful in colour, though in this particular not so positive as the oil picture, No. 84, 'Boromean Islands, Isola Bella, and Piscatore, on the Lago Maggiore,' wherein all the beauties of this proverbially charming region are enhanced, and every oppugnant form subdued; and with a play of light and an assertion of space set forth with a facility which evinces a command of the most poetic language of the art.

No. 49. 'Portrait of a Lady,' J. L. REILLY. Sufficiently well executed to have entitled it to a better place.

No. 64. 'It is said that about this time Albert Durer presented a fine picture to his friend Luther,' J. NOBLE. We see in this composition Durer presenting to Luther, who yet wears the monkish habit, a picture of the Madonna—an upright figure, with the infant Saviour in her arms, like those which are yet seen at the corners of some of the streets in Nuremberg. The point of the subject is sufficiently clear, but the work has little else to recommend it.

No. 65. 'Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton,' R. BUCKNER. The head is well painted, and the features are full of sweetness; but the better parts of the figure are not assisted by the lower limbs.

No. 78. 'Smiling Morn,' C. BAXTER. This is a small single figure, and No. 178, 'Summer,' is a similar one, but of the size of life; both sustain the reputation of the painter as a colourist.

No. 77. 'The First-born,' E. J. COBBETT. The infant is asleep in its cradle, while the mother, a young woman in humble life, sits at work watching her child. This picture excels, in substantive quality, the artist's open-air subjects.

No. 83. 'The Reward,' T. ROBERTS. Another composition in which a nursing plays a prominent part. There is also here much knowledge and power, but the mother looks too girlish, and her hands are unduly large.

No. 99. 'Hungarian Pilgrims at a shrine on the Danube,' J. ZEITLER. This is even more sketchy, and somewhat lower in tone than this artist usually works. His colour is sometimes very attractive, but, in execution, his works present something beyond even the antipodes to Pre-Raphaelism.

No. 104. 'At Walton Farm, near Folkestone, Kent,' J. J. WILSON. In these simple pictures, with their sometimes cold, but always harmonious tone of colour, this artist excels.

No. 105. 'An Interior,' T. EARL. A sketch very powerful in colour and effect,—containing a girl at a window, and near her a dog. An agreeable and telling picture.

No. 107. 'The Music Lesson,' T. ROBERTS. In this case the *maestro* is a ragged urchin of a boy, who to his pupil, a bullfinch perched upon his finger, is whistling very earnestly the passage he wishes the bird to imitate. The professor's brothers and sisters, ragged and rosy like himself, witness the teaching with smiling satisfaction. The figures are life-like and substantial, and, although the wooden partition at the back of the whistler is a crude surface in comparison with the rest of the accessories, the work is altogether a production of much merit.

No. 115. 'Mozart's Last Chorus,' J. MORGAN. This large picture contains numerous figures, of which one represents Mozart in his last illness. The scene is a bed-chamber, and the effect that of lamplight; but the composition wants concentration, and that kind of finish for the absence of which glazing cannot compensate.

No. 116. 'The Shepherd's Pastime,' J. J. HILL. This composition presents a rustic seated under a grassy bank, and playing a fife for the amusement of himself and some of his female neighbours. It is not so luminous as the works of its author generally are.

No. 121. 'Temptation,' W. HEMSLEY. The expression of the features of one of the boys in this picture is most successful, as allusive to the difficulty he experiences in opening a small hamper, which has been confided to him for safe transport. The scene is an open common, which, together with the two figures, for there are two, is brought forward with all the precision that characterises the works of the artist.

No. 139. 'The Studio, Foss Novyn, on the Conway, North Wales,' J. P. PETTITT. This title is applied to an extremely picturesque gorge in the bed of the river, shut in by rocks, all but perpendicular, which wear a waving coronal of green trees. The shaded passages are broad and real, but the sunlight is broken and unsatisfactory. The material is admirable.

No. 159. 'Young Sempironia,' T. Y. GOODERSON. If she be a Trasteverina, we have nothing to say against her name; why may she not, like *Mæcenas*, be "equestri et splendido nata genere?" But hers looks very much like an Anglo-Saxon face. In the other studies by the same hand, which all have merit, there is more of the Romanesque element.

No. 173. 'Landscape and Cattle,' G. COLE. The cattle—a herd of cows—are grouped in the nearest section of the composition, standing in a shallow pool. On the left the ground rises, bearing on this side trees; the right is open. The picture is large, and is enriched by a foreground carefully studied from nature.

No. 188. 'The Windings of the Wye—An Autumnal Noon,' H. J. BODDINGTON. We are here placed on the right bank of the river, and look up the stream, which flows at a considerable distance below. The nearer passages of the view are masterly, but the argument of the picture lies in the misty gradations which define the retiring hills with their velvet textures.

No. 191. 'Yarmouth Herring-Boats,' J. W. OAKES. We scarcely know on what part of Yarmouth beach such a combination as this is to be found; it may be anywhere. The subject is simple, but it is wrought into a sparkling picture.

No. 196. 'The Modern Silenus,' F. Y. HURLSTONE. The Silenus of the composition is an old Campanian peasant, and the Bacchus is a herd-boy, whom he is teaching to play the rustic pipe. The figures, which are judiciously brought together, are accurately costumed, and the old man is sufficiently Italian in feature, but the boy is of a complexion too clear.

No. 201. 'Mill near Aber, North Wales,' J. SYER. This is a good subject—if we see it here as it is in reality—and it is brought forward with generosity and good feeling; but the parade of colour and execution is objectionable, as reminding the observer rather of paint than of nature. The

reds, and other potent colours, have a somewhat vulgar prominence.

No. 224. 'Rejected Addresses,' W. D. KENNEDY. This picture presents an abuse of power much to be regretted; the scale of shade is untrue, and the two figures are marionettes.

No. 238. 'A Gossip on the Coast,' E. J. CONSETT. The gossips are principally two women, one of whom is mounted on a pony; and the scene of their meeting is a grassy site immediately on the sea-coast. The features of each of the figures eloquently sustain the title; and the impersonations have the substantial palpability which this painter always communicates to his conceptions.

No. 262. 'Signor Gardoni,' R. BUCKNER. The figure is enveloped in a cloak, in a manner which suggests that the painter has been thinking of Vandyke. The features are rather those of a woman than a man.

#### SOUTH-EAST ROOM.

No. 279. 'Tarbert Castle, Loch Fyne,' J. DANBY. One of those warm and fresh compositions which this artist paints, as if in memory of Richard Wilson.

No. 311. 'Kars and its Defenders,' J. and G. POGGO. A large picture, containing impersonations of General Williams, Captain Thomson, Major Treasdale, Colonel Lake, and others. The distresses of the garrison are emphatically described, but in manner the work is a memento of an Arterian long gone by. It is impossible to praise the work; we may accept it as another proof how easier it is to criticise than to execute; "if to do were as easy as to know what were good to do," &c.

No. 319. 'Loch Lomond, from Tarbert,' W. G. BATES. An unexceptionable transcript of this well-known view, and the colour is scrupulously true.

No. 320. 'The Martyr's Hill, from Newland's Corner, Albury, near Guildford,' VICAT COLE. These verdant Surrey hills are always pleasant types of English scenery. The scene, with its atmosphere and busy sky, has been successfully worked out on the spot.

No. 322. 'The Aquarium,' H. SHIRLEY. An establishment of titlilabats in a bottle, to which some children fishing in a weedy pool are yet anxious to add. It is attractive in colour, and very carefully painted.

No. 338. 'Padlocked,' JESSIE MACLEOD. This title is given to a work containing a single figure, that of a young lady standing at a garden gate. The drawing and painting are meritorious, but the point of the story is not very clear.

No. 363. 'Bestow your Charity,' H. C. WHAITE. A girl begging. It is a small picture of some merit; but it gives the spectator a cold shudder to see a study so entirely without relief.

No. 394. 'The Last Load,' G. COLE. Here is pictured the end of the hay-harvest, and if the menace of the sky mean anything, the last load is but just secured in time. The misty sunny distances are described with charming feeling.

No. 408. 'North Devon Coast,' W. WEST. A large study of rocks, the base of which is washed by a heavy sea. The masses are brought out with boldness, and the surfaces are broken and finished with infinite nicety; but the colour of these rocks is not so yellow as it is represented here.

No. 409. 'Midday, North Wales,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The nearest breadth of this composition is a lake, beyond which rises a study of mountains, suffused with light; but the sun is not within the field of view—and while we see the mountains through sunbeams and brightly illumined, the lake remains dark and sullen, like a surface unsuceptible of reflection. We have never witnessed such a phenomenon.

#### SOUTH-WEST ROOM.

No. 422. 'The Last Gift of Charlotte Corday,' G. STUBBS. The instant the eye falls on this composition it stands confessed an emanation of a foreign school. Immediately before her execution, Charlotte Corday sat to an artist for her portrait, and the only compensation she could offer him was a lock of her hair, which we see her in the act of severing, while the executioner is about to envelop her in the red cloak in which she is to be led to execution. There is facility of composition, but the painter is tainted with the affectations of the school of which he is a disciple.

No. 428. 'Harvest Time,' W. W. GOSLING. A small bright and sparkling picture, in which the objects are only wheatsheafs.

No. 429. 'An Old House at Sens, Burgundy,' J. D. BARRETT. A ragged, rickety, and grotesque edifice, which seems rather to have been built to be painted than inhabited.

No. 430. 'Early Morning, Loch Long, Scotland,' J. MOGFORD. We view the loch as running into the picture, and enclosed by mountains, and having more the appearance of an inland lake than an arm of the sea. The lustrous surface of the water is a most faithful representation.

No. 444. 'Homeward Bound,' G. CHAMBERS. We are placed here in one of the lower reaches of the Thames, to see an East-Indiaman towed up by two tugs. As to light and dark the arrangement and effect are unexceptionable, but the lower rigging of the ship is a mass of confusion—the commonly known braces and halyards are nowhere.

No. 462. 'Ave Maria,' P. H. CALDERON. A study of a lady in profile, kneeling on a *prie-dieu* before a lectern: the expression is appropriate, the laces and draperies are carefully painted.

No. 468. 'Lias Rocks, on the Dorset Coast,' J. B. PENK. These rocks are of very extraordinary form, being stratified archwise, with a cavernous opening which is used as a boat-house: the subject is meagre in itself, but it is translated into a charming picture.

No. 476. 'A Pastoral Evening, in the Suburbs of Rome,' MASON. What a pastoral evening is we have yet to learn—the picture shows some Italian peasant women driving their cattle home; it is spirited, and in the manner of the French school.

No. 477. 'The Tail of the Storm—Carswell Bay, near the Mumbles,' J. TENNANT. The principal quantity here is a small rocky headland, covered with turf. Although this subject has been but little studied—and is much less elaborated than Mr. Tennant's landscapes—it is one of the most agreeably qualified pictures he has ever painted.

No. 478. 'Interior, Brittany,' V. de FLEURY. The retiring parts would have been better if painted with colour less opaque; there is, however, some good feeling in the sketch.

No. 487. 'All among the Roses,' A. J. WOOLMER. A small figure in an arbour—the head is gracefully posed.

No. 488. 'A Rustic,' J. HENZELL. This is also a small figure, that of a girl standing at the door of her cottage home, mending stockings. The figure is well rounded, characteristic, and in everything superior to antecedent productions.

No. 490. 'A Sketch in the Corn-field,' W. W. GOSLING. The subject is literally the corn-field, the principal components being sheaves, rendered interesting from their sweetness of colour and lightness of effect.

No. 525. 'Simplicity,' G. SMITH. A profile head of a girl—in expression, well worthy of its title, but rather cold in colour.

No. 530. 'Autumn Afternoon on the Conway,' J. SYER. The lines in this composition must have been overlooked, as the rocks and trees run in similar quantities across the picture, which is, however, spirited and more true in colour than any other work by the same hand.

No. 535. 'The Avenue,' T. CRASHAW JOHNSON. This is a large work, showing the subject in perspective. The near trees evince power in execution and knowledge of truth, but the remoter masses are less scrupulously painted; yet it is a production of much merit.

No. 555. 'Sea Nymph Unveiling,' the late J. G. NAISH. Such a prefix to a name, in a catalogue, brings with it many painful associations. This artist was a painter of Nereids and Naiads, and there is by him, in the National Institution, a marvellously minute study of rocks. This is a small study, very tastefully treated.

No. 572. 'The Rustic Style,' (F) W. UNDERHILL. A composition containing three figures grouped at a *stèle*. On this side is seated a herd-boy, playing a pipe; and on the other side are two damsels, who constitute the audience. The accessories in the work are quite as important as the figures—we have observed the same heretofore in the productions of this painter.

No. 589. 'On Holmwood Common, near Dorking,' painted on the spot, G. COLE. The subject is of

the extremest simplicity,—a small stream with a necessary proportion of aquatic herbage, a herd of cows, meadows, and trees; but the whole is brought forward with an unflinching assertion of truth, which in reference to any class of subject-matter is always most gratifying.

No. 590. 'Le Boudoir,' A. J. WOOLMER. There is no word we may suppose in the ample vocabulary of our vernacular that could supply a title for this picture. As it is, we know not what "le boudoir" has to do with the subject—a lady seated before her dressing-glass, and apparently stopping her ears against the voice of her macaw.

No. 597. 'Lackham, Isle of Wight,' V. de FLEURY. A simple composition, in which a sea-side cottage figures as a principal object.

No. 607. 'On the Beach at Ostend, squally weather,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A. The proposition in the title is successfully realised—we become at once sensible of the wind: remote objects are painted with a lightness truly descriptive of distance; altogether this is a work of much merit.

No. 618. 'Hastings Fishermen,' W. SHAYER. The face of the principal figure in this composition, is masterly in character and execution: the other facilities of the picture are the results of repetition.

No. 663. 'View in Argyllshire,' G. SHALDERS. The distant mountains, and the play of light on them, constitute a charming passage of art. These airy peaks are opposed by a solidly painted near section, traversed by a herd of cattle.

No. 666. 'The Playfellows,' J. MORGAN. These are a little boy and a kitten, in combination with accessories of very powerful colour.

No. 669. 'Private communication from Lacknow,' W. SALTER, M.A.F. This communication is in the hands of a lady who is seated—and by her side is a little boy. The point of the story is at once intelligible—she receives news of the safety of her husband. The head of the child is good in colour.

No. 670. 'Greenwich Hospital,' H. J. PIDDING. The principal point in the picture is the statue, round which are seated many of the old sailors. No. 671 is 'Greenwich Park,' by the same painter. Both pictures at once identify themselves with the proposed subjects.

No. 677. 'An Italian scene in Latium,' W. LINTON. The dark, nay, black shades which this painter introduces into some of his works may not be according to truth, but they give much solidity to the objects they are employed to relieve. This small picture is forcible and rich in colour, though somewhat artificial.

No. 681. 'Wreck on the Coast,' J. J. WILSON. The sky in this picture seems to have been painted from nature; the heavy cumulus is round and palpable.

No. 689. 'The Cottager's Pets,' J. HENZELL. Equal to the best of the artist's recent productions.

Although the Water-colour Room contains, perhaps, the best collection of drawings we have seen here, we cannot do them the justice they merit.

Of works in sculpture, the Exhibition as usual contains little or nothing; there are, however, two miniature groups by Capt. C. Wyndham (we presume an amateur) which claim and deserve attention. One of them is especially good; it is entitled 'Inkermann,' and is a comment on the text "when their ammunition was expended our men flung stones at the advancing Russians." The stalwart soldier is admirably modelled; and the incident is, so to speak, related with powerful effect. It is evident that the artist has been among the heroic men he has thus portrayed.

We have felt justified in abridging the space we have heretofore allotted to this Exhibition. In truth, the "British Artists" have this year signally and sadly failed to produce a collection of works by which their position and character could be elevated, or even sustained. Certainly, four-fifths of the pictures exhibited are much below mediocrity; yet of the few that approach excellence there is no one unsold. When Art-Union prize-holders enter this gallery, it will be without the hope of obtaining a work that will be worth taking home. It is really "too bad" that such a deplorable assemblage should be brought together, when Art is supposed to be making large advances—when buyers are ever on the alert to obtain acquisitions—and when wealth as well as honours await the artist by whom they are deserved.



# THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE change which this society has effected by the removal of their exhibition has numerous advantages which were not attainable where the exhibition was held last year. The Egyptian Hall is within that circle wherein the majority of the Art-exhibitions have their fixed and well-known abodes: it may, therefore, be supposed that this institution will be less likely to be passed over by visitors to other collections than if it had been established remote from the region consecrated to Art. The room is spacious: it is lighted to advantage the ancient pictures of Lord Ward, and therefore shows, even more satisfactorily works which do not contain large proportions of shaded gradations. The number of works exhibited is five hundred and eighty-two, in which every branch of painting may be said to be represented. Some ladies who are eminent in the practice of Art have not contributed; and others, who have achieved distinction, have not sent examples of their best efforts. But, as it is, we confess surprise at the existence of such an array of unrecognised talent among our countrywomen. When those of their works that have been seen were widely distributed, and when a great proportion of their labours was never exhibited, their merits could not be estimated; but now that their efforts are brought before the public in a collective form—knowing, though we do, something of the Art-progress of our time—we are compelled to avow that Art has been taken up by the other sex with an earnestness of which we had no conception. The figure, and the extremities, are the great difficulties in drawing; but there are in this exhibition figures drawn with a truth that raises the question as to the attainment of the education by which such things have been effected. We express no surprise at the facility with which the female professors of Art in France paint the figure, because there the commencement of all instruction is academical drawing. But that which we see at the Egyptian Hall is the result of assiduous self-tuition, for we have no school for the instruction of ladies in painting from the living model. Labouring under such disadvantages as the female student does, we are not disappointed to see here so many drawings of flowers, fruit, and still-life objects—we are only surprised into exultation to see so much excellence in the higher departments of Art. There are on these walls landscape and figure-subjects which would do honour to any exhibition. There is now an end in female education to parti-coloured butterflies and favourite canaries: we are surrounded here by evidences of the severest study, and those ladies who wish to gain a shred of reputation must sit down patiently with their best instructress—Nature.

No. 10. 'Fruit,' Miss MARGITSON. A composition of white grapes, a cut melon, plums, &c., bearing evidence of a hand skilled in this kind of subject.

No. 16. 'Meditation,' Miss ELLEN COLE. A study of the head of an old man; a front face painted with breadth.

No. 22. 'A Farm Road,' Miss MARY LINNELL. The manner of this work is vigorous, and the aspect given to the place strictly natural. The road runs into the picture, flanked on the right by a bank bearing a growth of trees and underwood, and on the left by a weedy pool. There is no telling point in the subject, and it is therefore the more difficult of treatment; thus the triumph is the greater that a picture so interesting results from material so commonplace.

No. 26. 'Autumn,' Miss C. HARDCASTLE. But for the perpendicular arrangement of these plants, this would have looked like a study from some wayside nook, rich in ferns, ground-ivy, foxglove, and a variety of weeds and wild flowers scorned by horticulturalists, but cherished by painters even beyond the splendours of the exotic Flora.

No. 27. 'A Welsh Spring,' Mrs. J. W. BROWN. The spring is the least important feature in this work, which presents principally two groups of trees most patiently and faithfully worked out from the reality. The foreground also, though perhaps too cold, has received scrupulous justice.

No. 28. 'Gleaners,' KATE SWIFT. Two rustic figures, an elder and a younger sister, resting at a

stile. The little girl, seated on this side, plays with a goat; the face of the child is extremely well painted, and admirably lighted by reflection. The elder of the two leans over the stile; but the face is not so attractive as that of the younger.

No. 29. 'Evening Study in an Italian Vineyard,' Mrs. CHISHOLM ANSTET. The subject is a mass of vine foliage and grapes: the luxuriant truth of the study renders it interesting. It is the result of much assiduous labour.

No. 33. 'The Emigrant,' EMMA E. BLUNDEN. A study of a girl, absorbed in grief, resting on the bulwark of a ship. The figure is well drawn and painted; but her back is turned to the spectator, and the colour of her dress and that of the ship are identical—a very mischievous error.

No. 34. 'The Gipsies' Haunt,' Miss SARAH LINNELL. This is a more effective subject than that already noticed, being a section of sylvan scenery, excellent in its dispositions, and very powerful in colour.

No. 35. 'Hagar and Ishmael,' Miss M. A. COLE. Hagar is in the act of prayer; the figure is brought forward by a powerful background.

No. 38. 'Rhododendrons,' Mrs. RIMER. These flowers are well drawn, and extremely brilliant in hue.

No. 39. 'Evening Rest,' ALICE WALKER. In this scene there are passages of drapery admirably executed. The impersonations are a Turk and his family, disposed perhaps too uniformly. The composition might have been more judicious.

No. 40. 'Love and Friendship,' ELIZA MILLS. Whether the title be symbolised or not by these roses and ivy leaves we know not. The flowers are well drawn, and well brought together.

No. 47. 'The Bath,' Mrs. E. M. WARD. This is one of the works to which we should point as evidence, that in knowledge, definite manipulation, and drawing, ladies may arrive at a degree of excellence equal to that of the most earnest students of the other sex. The figures are a little boy and his nurse, by whom he is about to be placed in a warm-bath. In colour and substance these two figures are unexceptionable: the manner is playful, but every touch is effective.

No. 56. 'Banks of the Tummel at Faskally, Perthshire,' Miss STODDART. The subject is chosen with good taste. The near trees are natural in form—they look as if they would yield to the wind; but they are touched with a facility which amounts to a certain degree of hardness. The water, distances, and effect are admirable; indeed the execution of the work cannot be too highly praised.

No. 57. 'Portrait of W. J. Fox, Esq., M.P.,' Miss FOX. A very striking resemblance, qualified with expression agreeable and animated.

No. 67. 'The Ruined Temple of Kom Ombo, Egypt,' Mrs. ROBERTSON BLAINE. The sand has covered the temple—the frieze and the capitals alone remaining visible. The ruin is painted with what may be conceived to be a faithful following of its existing condition: it looks real.

No. 68. 'The Little Boat-builder,' Mrs. CARPENTER. Apparently a portrait of a little boy, yet wearing his infant frock. He is seated on the sea-shore, intently occupied in putting the mast into his boat. The little figure is characterised by the warm and lifelike tints and easy manipulation which give value to this lady's works.

No. 69. 'Cart-horses belonging to the Lion Brewery, Lambeth,' Mrs. A. SHIRLEY. Few ladies devote themselves to subjects so unsentimental: animals, like the human subject, must be accurately drawn. The more prominent of the two horses appears to have been slightly refined upon; both, however, are carefully made out.

No. 73. 'Nidpath Castle, on the Tweed,' Miss STODDART. We look up the river, which is not in importance comparable to the stream that flows by Norham; but the Tweed is always romantic. The works exhibited under this name embody some of the very best principles of landscape art.

No. 81. 'Ballad Singer of Connemara, Ireland,' Mrs. ROBINSON. This is a half-length figure, representing a wandering daughter "of an errant tribe," who bears about her her entire *personnelle*, and who, like the Medea of the *Ægeion* (but not of Euripides),—

"Has no whereabouts—  
Her home is number nowhere."

She bears a child at her back, a ballad in her left hand, and in her right a basket of apples, and is embowered in an overhanging bush of flowering lilac, though, by the way, when lilac is in bloom apples are not yet sunned into redness. Behind the head of the child a doll challenges the eye—certainly to the disadvantage of the baby. The doll is awake, but the child is asleep. This study is in a firm masculine style, tempered by infinite sweetness of painting, especially in the lilac.

No. 86. 'Fruit,' Miss STUART. A brilliant composition of grapes, pine, and other like material.

No. 88. 'Shetland Ponies,' the property of Her Majesty, Mrs. A. SHIRLEY. These miniature horses are described here as qualified with the very best points of their race.

No. 99. 'The flooded Meadows,' FLORENCE PEEL. We find this name affixed to several very meritorious works; some of them in oils: they manifest a fine and high feeling for the beautiful in nature, and an intimate acquaintance with the capabilities of Art. The drawings more especially are wrought with delicacy and taste, with frequent indications of power.

No. 106. 'A Woody Slope,' Miss YETTS. This picture contains passages closely relative to nature. The work is somewhat hard; but assiduous study of this kind must result in success.

No. 116. 'The Love-letter,' Miss M. A. COLE. A composition of small figures, in which the accessories have been studied with care.

No. 117. 'The Daguerreotype,' ANNA E. BLUNDEN. Presenting two figures—an elder and a younger sister—well drawn, agreeably coloured, and brought together with true artistic feeling; but the picture behind the latter diminishes the importance of the head; this should be removed.

No. 127. 'Flora—a nursery sketch,' Mrs. E. M. WARD. A very spirited little figure mounted on a hobby-horse.

No. 130. 'Lane, Brocham, Surrey,' Mrs. T. J. THOMPSON. A roadside cottage and trees constitute the subject, which, simple as it is, is painted with infinite sweetness, and with the most perfect illusion of sunshine.

No. 137. 'Rue des Lazettes, Honfleur,' Mrs. HEMMING. A view of some blocks of houses near the inner basin. Although the old Cheval Blanc is renovated, there is yet something picturesque left in Honfleur.

No. 138. 'Study of Fruit and Flowers,' Mrs. DAVIS COOPER. Two or three apples, a jar, and a flower-pot realised with much elegance of feeling.

No. 140. 'Bertie,' Mrs. H. MOSLEY. A miniature, in oil, of a little boy in a blue velvet dress; the features are painted with a *finesse* of which we could scarcely have thought oil-colour susceptible.

No. 144. 'From a Window,' ANNA MARY HOWITT. The sun has set, and we look from this window on a twilight landscape, somewhat like a garden lawn inclosed by trees, the breadth and softness of which is opposed by a creeping plant, which festoons the window. The sentiment of the work is a perfect repose, unbroken even by the allusions to life contained in the room into which we are introduced. The whole is most elaborately worked out—somewhat too elaborately, perhaps, but there is ample evidence of thorough mastery in Art; the choice of subject might have been happier, but in all this accomplished lady produces, there are proofs of genius and power.

No. 169. 'Portrait of Miss Dorah Roberts,' Miss FOX. This is a chalk drawing of the size of life, presenting a front view of the features. The drawing displays knowledge in those parts in which drawing too often fails.

No. 169. 'Braubach, on the Moselle,' Mrs. W. OLIVER. A large drawing harmonious in colour, and skilful in treatment.

No. 173. 'The Morning Star of Memory,' Mrs. BACKHOUSE. This is a drawing of a female figure in a classic white drapery, wearing on her forehead a gem composed of a crescent and a star. The expression is a chaste and elegant conception, and the features are coloured and worked out with knowledge and taste.

No. 179. 'Portrait of Dr. Neil Arnott, F.R.S., &c.,' Mrs. CARPENTER. A portrait of the size of life, showing the features as a three-quarter face; it is in chalk, and to a good subject the artist does ample justice.



No. 180. 'Cathedral, Florence,' Mrs. HIGFORD BURR. A very elaborate and richly coloured drawing made from one of the chapels, or the sacristy, of the Duomo at Florence, famous for the works of Ghiberti, Donatello, Gaddi, and others. This copy has been made so faithfully, that we at once recognise the figures of the earlier Florentine school.

No. 181. 'Nimur on the Meuse,' Mrs. W. OLIVER. Nimur is a very favourite subject; it is represented with perfect truth in this drawing.

No. 183. 'Portraits of Mrs. Edward Lewin and Mrs. J. C. Lees,' Miss M. TERUSCH. A light but neatly finished drawing, in which one of the ladies is seated, and the other stands by her. The features are worked with great nicety and are very agreeable in expression.

No. 192. 'A Study from Nature,' Miss BURROWS. The subject is fruit, which is very successfully drawn and coloured.

No. 196. 'A Poacher in Embryo,' ADELAIDE BURGESS. A study of a country boy with a bird's nest; the figure is round and substantial.

No. 200. 'Edith,' Mrs. H. MOSELEY. This is a head in coloured crayons; a portrait of a little girl, life-like and natural.

No. 203. 'A Shepherd Boy of the Campagna of Rome,' Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. This boy has been painted from the life; it is impossible to adapt costume to a figure so perfectly as this sits. He stands, leaning upon his staff, and wears the usual sheepskin jerkin of the Italian shepherds, with the small-clothes and cross-banded stockings. His head is covered with a rusty, broad-brimmed hat, ornamented by a peacock's feather; and the face, which salutes you from beneath the brim, is in character and tint perfectly national. The scene is the open Campagna, by which the figure is amply supported, and perfectly relieved.

No. 204. 'Bamborough Castle, Northumberland,' Mrs. DUNDAS MURRAY. This view is taken immediately south of the castle, looking towards Holy Island and Berwick, the foreground deriving interest from boats and figures. The work is of a high degree of excellence.

No. 205. 'Sunset at Ventnor,' Mrs. MALLISON. This is a very powerful effect; the whole of the ground section lies in shade, and is opposed to a sky enriched by the most glorious hues which the sun can leave in his track. No. 367, by the same lady, is a work perhaps superior to the other; the treatment is similar—another glowing sunset.

No. 208. 'The Cowgate, Edinburgh,' Miss SEWELL. We recognise at once these (in more senses than one) many-storied old houses as of the ancient street architecture of Edinburgh. The locality is very truly depicted.

No. 220. 'Flowers,' Miss EMMA WALTER. These are lilies, geraniums, yellow roses, &c., forming a striking and superb assortment.

No. 221. 'The Orphan,' Mrs. BACKHOUSE. A head and bust of a girl of the size of life, with an expression of destitution which supersedes the necessity of a title.

No. 232. 'Blarney Castle, County Cork,' LADY BELCHER. A bold and effective work, showing a tall ruin, surrounded by trees. The subject is interesting from the earnestness of the representation.

No. 242. 'Lilies and Roses,' Mrs. WITHERS. These flowers are most elaborately painted; the textures of the leaves are most faithfully rendered with every minute incident—drops of water, flies, &c.

No. 247. 'Hawthornden, once the Residence of Drummond the Poet,' MARIANNE STONE. We look here up the Dean from the little bridge, and see the house high on the left bank; but the picture consists of trees, and, above all, of a most luxuriant passage of foreground herbage which has been realised from nature with eminent success.

No. 249. 'Entrance to Seaham Harbour, on the Estate of the Marchioness of Londonderry,' Mrs. DUNDAS MURRAY. The pier, on which the spectator is placed, looking seaward, is not yet finished; loose stone, a crane, and building implements, serve to break the near surface; a collier brig, coming in, is preparing to clew up her main and foresails. The subject is picturesquely and pleasantly treated.

No. 252. 'Sunset Effect—Valley and Round Tower of Glendalough, County Wicklow,' LADY BELCHER. The prefix to the title is most happily realised; it is an attractive subject, treated in a manner to describe distance with perfect truth.

No. 259. 'On the Tay, near Dunkeld,' Miss M. A. CARRINGTON. This is a very careful drawing of a well-known subject. The town, with the sky and near and remoter gradations, is charmingly dealt with.

No. 260. 'The First Meeting of Florizel and Perdita,' Miss E. MACIBONE. This is painted from the passage in the *Winter's Tale*, wherein Florizel blesses the day when his falcon flew into the grounds of the father of Perdita. The scene is a section of woodland, with forest trees, beneath one of which Perdita is sitting, and Florizel appears. There is something original in the treatment of the subject.

No. 267. 'Winter Berries,' Mrs. WITHERS. Strictly to the title, and charmingly painted.

No. 278. 'Scotch Cottage Home, Loch Lomond,' MARIANNE STONE. A very ragged hovel on the shelving shores of the loch, but commanding an enchanting view, if that be any compensation for wretched lodging. The foreground is rich with the sweetest hues of the fragrant heather, and altogether the view is one of the most truthful and poetic versions we have ever seen of this storied loch. No. 306, 'The Tweed—Eildon Hills,' and No. 318, 'English Cottage Home,' are works also of merit, by the same artist.

No. 279. 'A Marseilles Minstrel,' Mrs. V. BARTHOLOMEW. A very characteristic study of one of those French female peripatetic professors of the hurdy-gurdy, with whose personal points we are all so well acquainted.

No. 289. 'The Best in the Market,' Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. This is a brilliant work—a production of a high degree of artistic excellence.

No. 294. 'Florence, from the Church of San Miniato,' Miss BLAKE. This is the most effective view of the city, taken from the heights on the left bank of the Arno, whence we look down on the windings of the river—the Duomo, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Ponte Vecchio, all the other bridges, and all the prominent objects of the city. The tone and execution of this work are beyond all praise.

No. 301. 'The Last Dream,' Miss ADELAIDE BURGESS. This drawing represents a girl sleeping, whom, from the title, we may suppose to be afflicted with a fatal malady. There are angels at her bedside, and of these she is of course dreaming: it is a work of surpassing sweetness.

No. 343. 'Portrait of Miss Emily Stuart,' Mrs. ALFRED J. BUSS. A chalk drawing, in which the head and features are delineated with accuracy and spirit. No. 423. 'Ecce Homo, after Correggio,' is a copy in sepia by the same lady.

No. 365. 'Burnham Beeches,' Mrs. GROTE, is a study of trees denuded of foliage, wherein the character of the beech is perfectly described. No. 374. 'Gate-House of Boarstall, Bucks,' is a very elaborate drawing by the same lady.

No. 366. 'Lake of Lucerne,' Mrs. E. STANLEY. A small drawing, the subject of which is at once determinable. No. 373, is another view of the Lake, rendered with a true feeling for natural effect.

No. 402. 'Miniature of a Swedish Lady,' FREDERICA BREMER, contributed by Mrs. S. C. Hall. This exquisitely finished profile is worthy of an accomplished artist, and proclaims the varied talent of the gifted authoress.

No. 403. 'Portrait of a Lady,' A very highly finished work in wax by Miss M. GILLIES.

The sculpture consists of twenty-one pieces, of which many evince, with the very best pretensions, aspirations of a lofty order. No. 536, 'Sappho-marble,' by Mrs. THORNYCROFT, is a work of refined classic sentiment; and No. 551, 'The Flower Girl,' marble, is a conception in another feeling, most worthily carried out, by the same lady. Miss DURANT exhibits No. 555, 'The King Maker'—a statue in armour of the Earl of Warwick, holding forth a crown; and No. 553, a statue in marble of 'Robin Hood,' both of these works are far above mediocrity. There are also meritorious sculptural works by other ladies, and a great variety of cameos and wax models by the Misses PISTRUCCI, of great excellence. In addition to these original works there is a spacious arrangement of copies of very ambitious character, some of which would do credit to distinguished copyists: and thus, from the excellence and variety of this exhibition, it will at once be understood to show a marked improvement upon that of last season.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir T. Lawrence, Painter. J. Horsburgh, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 5 ft. 14 in. by 4 ft. 24 in.

THE history and the works of Sir Walter Scott will always form one of the most remarkable features in the annals of the literature of the nineteenth century; indeed, it may be said in the annals of any epoch. It has been truly written of him in a short biographical sketch, published some years ago, that "the sixty-one years of his life were filled by the incessant labours of a strong and restless mind, which, in the latter half of its career, fixed upon its own efforts no small share of public attention, during one of the most exciting periods of European history. How much of the European fame of Scott has been a consequence of genuine poetical power, and likely to endure—how much of it has been the result of accidental circumstances, and sure to die away, it is yet too early to decide. The contemporaries of a man of genius are no more able to estimate his intellectual stature and proportions aright, than the man who stands close under the wall of Westminster Abbey would be to decide upon its architectural merits." One thing, however, is certain: the fact that, although a quarter of a century has elapsed since his death, his writings have not lost, in the slightest degree, their hold on public favour, nor the brilliancy of his genius been questioned.

Translator, annotator, essayist, poet, novelist, historian, and biographer, the writings of Scott in either of these characters would have given him a good position among the literary men of his time; but it is as poet and novelist chiefly that his name will go down to far-distant posterity. The knowledge of legendary lore he acquired in his early years, his innate love of the chivalrous and supernatural, may be adduced as a reason for his poetical imagination expressing itself in such poems as "The Lady of the Lake," his "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," &c. These poems took the world by surprise, they were so unlike anything that preceded them; and by their means the reader was taken back, in agreeable and spirited versification, to a period of time and to individuals, real or imaginary, whose acquaintance he had formed only through the prosaic pages of the historian. But even the genius of Scott as a poet could not bind the public to allegiance beyond a few years: his style had become familiar, and the world grew tired of it. Byron had appeared in the firmament of poetry, and the public hastened to worship the newly-risen star. Scott, however, was too intrepid, like one of his knights of chivalry, to succumb quietly before any antagonist. "As the old mine," says Bulwer Lytton, "gave symptoms of exhaustion, the new mine, ten times more affluent, at least in the precious metals, was discovered; and just as in 'Rokeby' and 'Triermain' the Genius of the Ring seemed to flag in its powers, came the more potent Genius of the Lamp, in the shape of 'Waverley,' the pioneer of the long and magnificent array of romance-writings to which "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" formed the rear-guard.

"English literature," writes Scott's countryman, Robert Chambers, "presents two memorable and striking events which have never been paralleled in any other nation. The first is Milton, advanced in years, blind, and in misfortune, entering upon the composition of a great epic that was to determine his future fame, and hazard the glory of his country in competition with what had been achieved in the classic ages of antiquity. The counterpart to this noble picture is Walter Scott, at nearly the same age, his private affairs in ruin, undertaking to liquidate, by intellectual labour, a debt of £117,000. Both tasks may be classed with the moral sublime of life." Milton accomplished his task in six years, and Scott had nearly completed his in the same time, when he sunk exhausted in the course: he yielded up his life in the struggle.

Lawrence's portrait of this great and honourable man, which is here engraved, has always been considered the best and most characteristic of the many portraits painted of him; one quite worthy to adorn the royal palace of Windsor Castle, where it hangs.





J. HORSBURGH, SCULPT

SIR T. LAWRENCE, PINT

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

13 MY 58



## THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

THERE are certain things which it has come to be definitively understood that England cannot do. The source of the inability remains a mystery. There is in it nothing inherent, or *prima facie*, which should render the attempt at the things themselves rash or preposterous. On the contrary, the seeming elements of success are the same which the country employs to prosperous issues in other directions; and the moral of their utter failure here has been learnt only experimentally, and as the price of such attempt.—Thus, it is now known, for example, that England cannot raise a Nelson Monument. It is evident, that there is nothing in the conditions of the particular case from which her incapacity in this respect could originally have been inferred. The national enthusiasm for the hero in question was precisely that atmosphere in which demonstrations of the kind are accustomed to grow; and his pre-eminent place on one of the most important pages of the national history is such as commonly commands the illustration of the Arts. Neither is the cause of failure to be sought in the fact, that England has lost her habit, or her power generally, of monumental commemoration; and it will probably never be clearly understood, why it has been found impossible, by repeated endeavours, made openly and earnestly in the face of day, to rear a Nelson Monument on the same field of effort as that on which rose up a Scutari Monument, as it were, in the space and amid the darkness of a night. The fact, however, of the impossibility in the Nelson case rests on the testing of half a century; and this impossibility has passed finally into the category of accepted propositions. The same power of monumental record which has in the same space of time set up trophies of itself in fifty other places of the world, has here succeeded only in rearing a visible sign of its own insufficiency. The lions have been pretty nearly round the globe as conquerors, in the identical period which has witnessed the failure of all their attempts to take up a position in Trafalgar Square. This, we repeat, is a mystery. Philosophy is at fault in its presence. Sometimes we have ourselves been inclined to speculate, as our readers know, on the possibility that the site of the monument in question might have something to do with the mystery. A search through the conjectural turns up strange fancies; and certain it is, that in this same melancholy metropolitan space we find other hints of desolation, to add to that of an Art memorial which, like the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, has been a *quasi* ruin from its birth. Some years since, for example, when the great monumental defect of London, the absence of fountains, had been strongly felt, it was determined, once for all, to put in evidence the vast water-basin which underlies the metropolis, by means of a couple of these lively pronouncements. Unhappily, the soil of Trafalgar Square was tapped for the dancing element,—and our readers know the result. There they are!—a couple of attenuated jets, which, in the paucity of water they expose, offer a constant suggestion of the desert. Had London, in some long-past time, really possessed a fine fountain, one of these phantom jets might now be its ghost.—Then, close behind these feeble water-pulses, there stands a great institution, which has apparently caught the slumberous nature of the ground it occupies, and can no more march, it would seem, with the time to which it should minister, than if its roots were in the sand by Thebes.

This is a fanciful view of the subject, no doubt, as we have already hinted; and what has struck us particularly just now, is, that a new practical element of solution seems to be at length imported into the Nelson problem. Suddenly, it appears as if fresh data were about to be supplied towards the reading of the old riddle, by the case of the Wellington Monument. The leading conditions in the two instances are strangely similar. Here, now, is once more a projected monument to the one other most prominent actor in the same great series of events,—the twin leader of England's material power through the triumphs of that one tremendous crisis; and already, two several ministers have broken down, and a third, for aught that appears, stands paralysed, before the attempt to realise the project. In some respects, the latter case is even less intelligible than the first. Here, the funds needed are, and have

long been, actually in hand. In the Nelson instance, the difficulty was, to get the money; in the Wellington instance, the difficulty seems, to spend it. Then, again, in our latter strait, we have appealed to the whole Art-world for help,—and got it. In the Nelson case, the foreigner gave us money:—in vain; in the Wellington case, he has given us Art:—also, it would seem, in vain. Why, in such cases as these, England should look abroad at all for subsidy, of either kind, we do not understand; and, for ourselves, we shall not be very sorry to see, that what she fails to achieve, in this direction, by her own efforts, she fails also to accomplish with the help of others. We have no desire to see our Nelson Monuments raised with Russian gold, or our triumph at Waterloo illustrated for us by French—or even by Sardinian—Art. At any rate, and owing to whatever cause, the Wellington Monument is fast passing into the same hopeless category with the Nelson Monument:—men are beginning to despair of the one, as they have long since decided to despair of the other. Our speculative argument as to locality, of course, disappears in this new and positive connexion? Can there, then, be something in the theme itself,—common as it is to both instances,—before which all attempts at this particular form of record break down?—or, will some *deus* of the chisel come suddenly, once again, out of the government machine, as in the Scutari case, and give an unexpected answer to at least the latter part of this remarkable problem?

To speak very seriously, on a matter which is very serious:—are we, or are we not, to have a Wellington Monument, after all? And if so, are we to have it on such terms as shall not add one more to the long list of wrongs by which, at the hands of our rulers, the Fine Arts in this country have been so long depressed? Is that better time for native art, so far as its recognition by Government is concerned, of which we have occasionally fancied we caught anticipatory glimpses, to be realised in the matter of this great national work?—or, are we by its means to be thrown back upon the conviction that parliament will do well for the future to leave the patronage of Art in private hands, and vote henceforth the sums applicable to the purposes of ministerial patronage in some less transcendental name? On what principle is it, that a succession of ministers can think themselves justified in keeping unemployed a large sum like that which is here in question, specifically set apart by the people at once for the service of Art and for the commemoration of the illustrious dead?—or, is it so kept back, in order that, under cover of the delay, and of the want of watchfulness which it induces, one more violation of all principle may be perpetrated, at the cost at once of our own Arts and of our own people? We confess, that the free-and-easy mode of dealing at once with the nation's money on this large scale, and with the nation's expectation in this peculiarly national matter, makes us not a little uneasy as to the possible amount of liberty which may finally be taken with both, if that apparently capricious method of action be allowed to pass unchallenged. Nor must we conceal, that there is a growing feeling of distrust abroad amongst the native artists themselves, and a sense of a coming insult to their body, which many of them persist in believing to be the shadow projected from an impending fact. The truth is, the rumours and apprehensions that circulate on the subject in the profession, are such as would naturally wing their way out of the protracted mystery by which the matter is kept surrounded—as foul things fly about in the darkness; but they have unquestionably received no little justification from a correspondence between the late Chief Commissioner of Works and the Lords of the Treasury, which has just been published by order of the House of Commons.

There are two several grounds on which this correspondence claims attention. In the first place, it shows that the old Treasury theory of irresponsible authority is still unbroken; and, in the second place, it proves that, in reference to the same matter, some injustice has been done to Sir Benjamin Hall. Notwithstanding the suspicions by which he has been assailed, it is evident now that he had, in fact, arrived, however early or late, at the true principles of competition, and was determined that, in so far as he was concerned, they should be maintained. The corre-

spondence in question relates, not directly to our subject, but to that of the public offices proposed to be erected in Downing Street; but the doctrines in dispute are precisely those which are involved also in the case of the Wellington competition. The argument of the documents turns chiefly on the decision of the Government to erect a new War Office and a new Foreign Office, and Sir Benjamin Hall's invitation to architects to compete for the designs. In the face of this competition, and in the teeth of all the moralities implicated, the Treasury, it seems, had determined, after its own "high Roman fashion," to give the commission to its own architect, Mr. Pennethorne; and this determination of theirs we are very glad to find Sir Benjamin Hall characterising in terms which the readers of this Journal, we think, will recognise as perfectly familiar to them. Such a step, says the late Chief Commissioner, is tantamount to a total disregard of the competition!—an architect who did not compete at all being substituted for the successful competitor! The Lords of the Treasury are very civil, in reply;—but are not to be circumvented by logic. Patronage is not the sort of thing that will bear being made an affair of syllogisms. They "regret to be obliged to adopt a course not altogether in accordance with the views by which Sir Benjamin Hall had been governed in carrying out the recommendations of the Select Committee of the House of Commons;"—but they intend to adopt it, nevertheless. Then, the late Chief Commissioner made to the Lords of the Treasury a proposition, to which we emphatically call the attention of our readers. We are rejoiced to have in this proposition Sir Benjamin Hall's formal adhesion to the principle expressly contended for by ourselves,—with a certain variance in the application,—in reference to the competition for the Wellington Monument. On the 28th of December, Sir Benjamin Hall urged the Treasury "to allow the successful architect for the Foreign Office in the late competition to submit designs for the new office on the limited site acquired by the Act of 1855," instead of employing an officer of the Board of Works. Their lordships, on the 25th of February, replied in the Treasury formula:—they "adhered to their previous decision." The date of that "previous decision" is not given. In all probability it is old enough to have enabled them to dispense with the mockery of the competition altogether, had they been so minded. Let us hope it may not be true, as suspected, that they have a "previous decision" forthcoming in the matter also of the Wellington Monument!

It is so new a thing, and so important a thing, to find sound principles circulating in a government office, that we cannot but lament the accident which deprives us of Sir Benjamin Hall's authority at the Board of Works, at the moment when he had begun to preach there what we deem the orthodoxy of the subject. Still, we cannot permit ourselves to share, to their full extent, in the apprehensions of the British sculptors. The shape which these apprehensions take, we refuse, for the present, to state in terms. That which they believe they have cause to fear, besides the breach of faith which it would involve, and the peculiarly un-English character of the proceeding, would be such an outrage on the body generally of our native artists as only some very strong and emphatic demonstration of public opinion could cure. The sculptors themselves, on the strength of the rumour which has reached them, have put themselves in communication on the subject with the recently appointed First Commissioner of Public Works; and should their fears be confirmed, as the result of that communication, we do hope they will bring their case directly before the country as sitting, by its representatives, in Parliament.—Meantime, we appeal to Lord John Manners, to illustrate his own tenure of authority by taking up this matter at an early period, and in the right spirit. If he would signalise his advent to the Board in a manner very agreeable to those who, like ourselves, have sincerely at heart the interests of our national Arts and native artists, let him, by immediate action, redeem this monumental project from the category of the impossible, to which it seems to be fast tending,—and, by honest and independent action, save it, if he can, from the category of the job, with which suspicious persons believe it to be threatened.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS.  
AS SUGGESTIONS TO MANUFACTURERS, ETC.

THE four engravings contained on this page are from designs by Mr. HENRY FITZCOOK, an artist to



whom we have been heretofore indebted, and who



at one period was somewhat extensively commis-

sioned by manufacturers: of late, however, he has abandoned that department of his profession, which we hope he may be induced to resume. The first is for a hall-lamp; the object here being to break the usual monotony of octagons and squares in articles of the kind. The second is for a taper candlestick;

an adaptation of the convolvulus, in which the useful flower has been skilfully employed. The third is for a boudoir candlestick; the material consisting of a sea-nymph, elevating a branch to receive the candle; the whole supported on a shell which forms the dish. The fourth is for a drawing-room lounge; the orna-



mentation is in the style of "the Raffaele arabesque," the artist considers the novelty to consist "in the form—the scroll at each side being stuffed so as to produce a comfortable rest for the head;" and he is of opinion that the design is "equally well adapted

for papier mâché and for carving." It is unnecessary for us to repeat, that in cases such as this, our object is to convey suggestive hints; the manufacturer will best judge as to the extent to which he can render them available to his purpose; but by



alternating these modern "notions" with examples of ancient Art, we enable the producer to arrive at

right conclusions, while we refer him to the several sources whence our information is derived.



Of the three designs contained on this page, the first is for "a cornice in the Renaissance style," designed by Mr. CHARLES HENRY WHITAKER (31, Newman Street). It is of the class, perhaps, with which decorators are sufficiently familiar; although

certainly an improvement on that which usually decorates our drawing-rooms. It will be at once seen, however, that, constructed in white and gold, its pretensions to Art are by no means inconsiderable. The third design is also the production of the same

artist: it is of a table, in which art is displayed only by the supporters, the table itself being entirely plain, or rather ornamented by a broad and thick fringe. It is on this account chiefly we introduce it here: the custom of decorating table-tops is for many



reasons objectionable; the cost is thus greatly augmented, while, no matter what the style of decoration may be, it is seldom effective, inasmuch as when partially covered with books, or other objects, the lines must be broken, disagreeable forms being the

inevitable result. Manufacturers are too prone to forget the main, or indeed the only, purpose of a table: it is "an eye-sore" if nothing be placed upon it, and thus consequently to incur expense in embellishing the top is worse than idle. The

second of our engravings is from a design by Mr. GODFREY SYKES, one of the masters of the Government School of Art in Sheffield. He writes,—“In designing it I have had regard to its manufacture, in providing for such effects as are best displayed

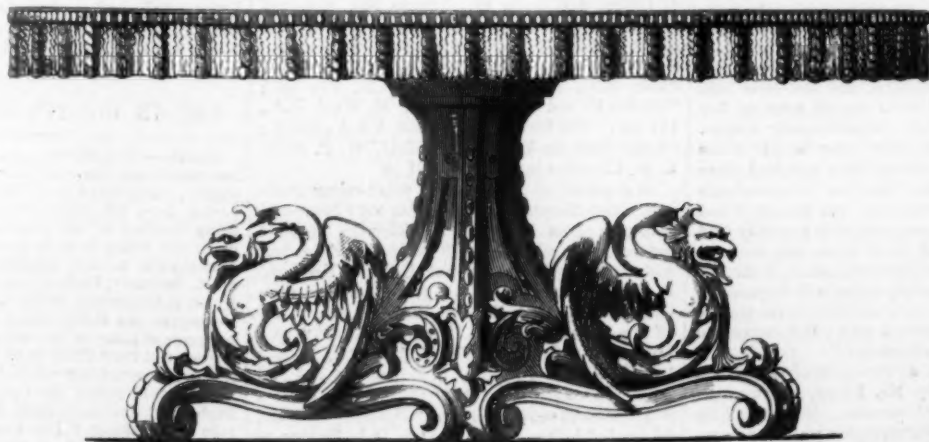


in silver; and they appear to be, next to a good simple shape, contrast of bright or smooth surfaces and dead or matted surfaces, with raised mouldings for burnishing.”

We are thus pursuing our plan of providing sug-

gestive designs to the manufacturer; and if we are not as successful as we desire to be, our subscribers will permit us to say the fault is not ours. We have in no way limited our invitation to contributors; offering all the advantages at our command of

recompense and publicity. It is with no slight pain we are compelled to state, that for one good design submitted to us we receive a dozen that are unequivocally bad; and that from the several schools of Art throughout the country, aid to this project



has been very limited or very inefficient. We may therefore convey another hint to those who in any part of the kingdom are engaged in producing designs for Art-manufacture: the means we place at their command cannot but be to them very

advantageous; there are hundreds of manufacturers who require suggestions, but who are ignorant as to the whereabouts of persons from whom they may be procured. Although such designs as we furnish are thus made common property, they may

be so altered as to become exclusive rights; but especially it should be borne in mind that, when a producer considers to what quarter he ought to apply for assistance, to put him in possession of the names of those who can render it, is no ordinary boon.

## THE ELLIOTTYPE.

This is the name proposed for a new, and very beautiful, application of photography, which has been invented and patented by Mr. Robinson Elliott, an artist, of South Shields. The objects of the invention are to reproduce works of high Art—such as copies of the old or of modern masters, of the size of the originals; or, indeed, of any size, by the agency of photography. We cannot do better than describe the process in the words of the inventor, which we copy from his specification:—

"I take a piece of good glass, as free from specks and impurities as possible, of the size I intend the impressions to be; I next, with a brush, do the surface of the glass over with a thin transparent paste, or any other similar compound, as gum water or glue size; I next fix the glass in a frame. Should the picture which I am about to copy be the same size as the glass, I place it underneath, and with some tracing implement, as a fine coloured point of chalk, trace the outline of the picture on the surface of the glass covered with the transparent medium I have described. Should the picture, however, not be the same size, but larger or smaller, an outline is made on paper of the desired size, and placed under the prepared glass instead of the picture, and traced in the same manner. But if the artist prefers it, he can make his outline at once on the prepared glass, which is perhaps the better plan. The outline being completed, I place a black or dark-coloured cloth behind the glass, and proceed to paint the picture on the glass with one colour. The more opaque the colour is for this purpose the better, as the colour is put on for the purpose of obscuring the glass, and of such consistence and thickness as may secure the required gradations for obtaining the lights of the picture when the photographic impression is taken on the sensitive paper. Where the paint is quite solid or thick on the glass, the impression on the paper will be white, and underneath the transparent parts of the glass it will be dark in proportion to their transparency; the pure glass will give the darkest shades, the light passing through such places without obstruction, and acting with full power on the sensitive paper underneath. It is better to use a colour of a light hue, in order to see easily the effect of the work as it progresses; white lead, combining opacity with a light hue, is the best. Where sharpness is required in the lights, a little black may be used with good effect, as it aids the obscurity caused by the thick white; the black is to be used pure by touching sharply over the white when the white is dry; it is, however, not always necessary. While the artist is at work, the dark cloth serves the purpose of showing during the progress of the painting the various gradations of shadow in the picture. When the picture on the prepared glass is worked up to the amount of finish deemed necessary, it is completed by scraping off whatever paint is not required with a scraper or etching tool, and thus clearing and sharpening the shadows. This painting on glass being completed, the cloth is removed, and the glass then has a very different appearance. Before the cloth is taken away it looks like a brilliant engraving; but when the dark ground is removed, and the glass held up to the light, the shadows are all more or less transparent, and the light proportionately opaque. I now take a piece of sensitive paper the size of the glass, and prepared in the ordinary way, and place it on the unpainted side of the glass (the other side would reverse the picture), and put the paper and glass in a printing frame, such as is generally used by photographers, and place it in any common window, with the glass outwards, when, if the sun be shining intensely, an impression will be produced on the paper in two or three minutes exactly like the picture on the prepared glass; this impression is then fixed in the usual manner."

The examples which we have seen of this process have been produced by Mr. Elliott, and they are certainly of the highest promise. We have all the delicate softness of a photographic picture, preserving in a marvellous manner the finest effect of the artist's work. The picture, being copied, as is described, upon glass, requires the skill of an artist. Some judgment is also necessary to ensure the production of the true effect of light and shade; as these, in the photograph, are entirely dependant

upon the relative proportions in which the opaque colour is applied to the glass. The dark parts of the original picture are left bare upon the glass—through these the light exerts its full power—and according to the thickness and opacity of the layers of colour in the negative, so will be the effect of the positive picture.

We are bound in justice to state that this process, although we believe quite original with Mr. Elliott, is not entirely new. In 1841, Mr. Havell introduced an analogous process, which his death alone prevented him from fully developing. "Mr. Havell's method was to place a thin plate of glass upon the subject to be copied, upon which the high lights were painted with a mixture of white-lead and copal varnish, the proportion of varnish being increased for the darker shading of the picture. The next day Mr. Havell removed, with the point of a pen-knife, the white ground, to represent the dark etched lines of the original. A sheet of prepared paper having been placed behind the glass, and thus exposed to light, a tolerable impression was produced." Such was the description published at the time (1841) of Mr. Havell's process. Mr. Elliott has, it appears to us, done much more than Mr. Havell did, and most sincerely do we hope that he may live to see his very interesting application of photography generally applied to the copying of those works which, from their beauty, must influence for good every individual into whose possession they may fall.

The cheapness of the Elliotttype will enable every one to possess faithful copies of the rarest pictures by the highest masters.

## PICTURE SALES.

A COLLECTION of pictures, formed by the late Mr. R. Sanderson, of Belgrave Square, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, on March 20th; they were twenty-two in number, and sold for upwards of £2650. The principal specimens were—"The Laughing Audience," Hogarth, engraved, 46 gs.; "Two Horses in a Meadow, with a Man and a Dog," Paul Potter, a cabinet picture, from Lord Ashburton's collection, 405 gs.; "A Rocky Landscape," Ruysdael, from Mr. Gray's collection, 345 gs.; "Village Fair," A. Ostade, from the collection of Baron Fagel, 110 gs.; "A Woody Landscape, with Gypsies round a Fire," Gainsborough, 105 gs.; "An Interior, with two men seated and smoking, and a woman holding a Spindle near a Fireplace," A. Ostade, 220 gs.; "Samaritan receiving intelligence of the Revolt of Babylon," Guercino, from the collection of Mr. W. Haldimand, 200 gs.; "The Assumption of the Virgin," Murillo, from the Sebastiani collection, 680 gs.

On the 19th of March, the following English pictures were sold by Messrs. Foster:—"The Royal Nursery," a sketch by Wilkie, 34 gs.; "Coast Scene," C. Stanfield, R.A., 60 gs.; "The Fortune Hunter," R. Redgrave, R.A., 90 gs.; "The Sunbeam," J. Philip, A.R.A., 97 gs.; "Burns and Highland Mary," T. Faed, 100 gs.; "The Sisters," A. Solomon, engraved, 67 gs.; "Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton," a small picture, 15 inches by 11 inches, by W. P. Frith, R.A., and T. Creswick, R.A., 275 gs.; "Charles II. and Nell Gwynne," E. M. Ward, R.A., 116 gs.; "The Recruit," F. Goodall, A.R.A., 64 gs.; "Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield," W. P. Frith, R.A., 13 inches by 9 inches, 161 gs.

At a sale of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings, which Messrs. Foster and Son were instructed to dispose of on March 31, the following "cabinet pictures" were sold:—"Rustic Courtship," F. Goodall, A.R.A., 65 gs.; "Group of Cattle—Evening," T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 54 gs.; "Interior of a Catholic Chapel," D. Roberts, R.A., 88 gs.; "View off the Dutch Coast," C. Stanfield, R.A., 70 gs.; "Girl with a Salver of Fruit," C. Baxter, 84 gs.; "Welsh Girl at a Spring," P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 66 gs.; "The Artist in a Fix," W. P. Frith, R.A., a small finished sketch for his "diploma" picture, 54 gs.; "Julian Peveril in the Oak Parlour at Black Fort," E. M. Ward, R.A., 150 gs.; "Home and the Homeless," a beautiful little picture, only 15½ inches by 10½ inches in size, by T. Faed, 166 gs. The entire collection realised £2315.

The sale on the 17th and 18th of March of the collection made by Dr. Veron, of Paris, attracted

much attention there, from the character of the works composing it. Many of the pictures realised very large prices: for example, a single figure of a "Man Reading," size 8 inches by 6 inches, by Meissonier, was bought by Mr. Uzielli, of London, for £345; the companion picture, of the same size, £336; a sketch, by Couture, entitled "Horace and Lydia," £210; an early sketch, "The Good Mother," Ary Scheffer, £126; "Sunset," Jules Dupré, £225; "An Eastern Landscape," Marilhat, £174; "Landscape," Rousseau, £183; "The Temptation," Diaz, £150; "Portrait of the Duchess de Châteauroux bathing," Nattier, £590. The highest sums, by comparison, were given for the works of Decamps, of which there are eleven pictures, and seven drawings. Of these the principal were, "Joseph sold by his Brethren," bought by M. Sellière, the Paris banker, for £1428; "View in Asia Minor," bought by M. Lamme, of Rotterdam, £576; "Road Scene, with Travellers," £291; "Sunrise," £177; "Gipsies," £210, bought by Mr. Uzielli; "Smyrna Harbour," £470. Among the drawings, a pencil drawing, "Arabs crossing a Ford," realised the enormous sum of £650; and two small oval drawings in water-colours, 1 inch by 1½,—one "Punchinello and Monkeys riding," the other, called "The Grandfather,"—sold for £100 each. The "Portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for £336. The whole sale produced about £10,000.

The dispersion of the beautiful collection of water-colour drawings, formed by Mr. Charles Pemberton, took place at the rooms of Messrs. Foster, in Pall Mall, on the 14th of last month. The number of works offered for sale was large, but we can only find room to notice a few of the most important:—"The Grandfather's Watch," W. Goodall, 62 gs.; "View in Venice," S. Prout, 71 gs.; "Mechlin Tower," D. Roberts, R.A., 56 gs.; "Portsmouth Harbour," C. Stanfield, R.A., 131 gs.; "Cavaliers Hunting," F. Tayler, 63 gs.; "A Bit of Fun," P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 72 gs.; "The Giant Tree of the Forest," G. Cattermole, 155 gs.; "Episode in the Happier Days of Charles I.," F. Goodall, A.R.A., 180 gs.; "Virginia Water," J. M. W. Turner, 184 gs.; the companion, 163 gs.; "Interior of the Brewers' Hall, Antwerp," Louis Haghe, 225 gs.; "A Group of Cattle," T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 63 gs.; "Setters and Pointers," and "Foxhounds," F. Tayler, 111 gs.; "The Spirit of Chivalry," D. MacIise, R.A., 150 gs. Mr. Pemberton's collection realised nearly £2500.

Another collection, "forming a different property," as auctioneers are accustomed to say, was sold at the same time: it included "Aysgarth Force, on the Tees," J. M. W. Turner, 81 gs.; "Scene on the Nile," J. M. W. Turner, 44 gs.; "Group of Sheep," a pencil-drawing, by Rosa Bonheur, 36 gs.; "The Convent Library," G. Cattermole, 52 gs.; "The Spirit of Justice," J. Tenniel, jun., 35 gs.; "Harlech Castle," Copley Fielding, 58 gs.; "The Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus," L. Haghe, 150 gs.; "Mother and Child," a cabinet picture, by C. R. Leslie, R.A., after Raffaele, 146 gs.; "Juliet," C. R. Leslie, R.A., 130 gs.; "Study of a Female Head," C. R. Leslie, R.A., 74 gs.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The Society *Amis des Arts*, of Paris, has purchased this year seventeen paintings. This society, established in 1789, has seen more prosperous days, but has never been eminently useful, being founded on the false principle of exclusiveness: 100 francs is too large a sum for an individual subscription to any institution of this kind, and must, therefore, limit the number of subscribers.—By an arrangement made with the heirs of Baron Desnoyers, the *Calographie du Musée* has become possessor of many of his best plates.—M. Devacher, engraver of the "Princesses of Belgium," engraved for the *Art-Journal*, has received of the Belgian government a gold medal for that work.—The Duke of Brabant has commissioned M. Leys to paint a picture representing "The Creation of the Order of the Golden Fleece."—A statuette in bronze, of the finest time of Roman Art, has been discovered in the bed of the Rhine at Xanten, the ancient "Colonia Trajana," or "Troja Sanctorum."—The viceroys of Egypt has confided to the care of M. A. Mariette the exploration of the tombs of the kings of Egypt buried at Tais.



## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XVII.



It is a popular fallacy to derive the name of Teddington from Tide-end town, from an idea that the first lock on the river being here, here the "tide" may be supposed to "end." In old records it is called Todington and Totyngton.\* The manor is supposed to have been given to Westminster Abbey by Sebert, the first Christian king of the East Saxons. The church is of common-place character; we have engraved it, nevertheless, for it contains several remarkable and interesting memorials,—among others a monument to "Peg Woffington,"†—and also because it is so familiar a friend to "brethren of the angle," who have long regarded the Deep under the weir at Teddington as among the pleasantest of all their river memories. These memories are in truth very pleasant, for although it has "fallen from its high estate," and is by no means as productive of sport as it used to be, there is still plenty to be had in several "pitches,"

where abound all the various denizens of the populous river; while enjoyment is ever enhanced by associations with the past, which are suggested at every spot of ground beside which the punt is pushed or moored. The fishermen here are "the Kemps:" they have followed that vocation from father to



TEDDINGTON CHURCH.

son for more than a century and a half; and although some of them have been occasionally in bad repute as preferring the occupation of the poacher to that of the angler, others of the family have made and established good names, which they continue to preserve "to this day." The best of them is James Kemp, whose cottage stands in a small row by the water side, while the senior of the race keeps the neat and clean "Angler's Inn," through which there is a passage to the boats. James is the oldest of our river allies; we fished with him when his strength was insufficient to moor a punt, and for more than twenty years he was our companion on that "glorious first of June," to which the angler looks forward with intense anxiety, for on that day the Thames is open to labourers with the rod and line.‡

The Lamprey (*Petromyzon marinus*) and the Lampern (*Petromyzon fluviatilis*) are both obtained at Teddington: the former occasionally, the latter periodically during winter in large quantities. "These fishes are, in reference to their skeleton, and in some other respects, the lowest on the scale of organization among vertebrated animals;" they are cartilaginous, and live by suction, their mouth being so formed as to induce a very powerful contact with the object to which they are attached, whether to stones, to prevent them being swept away by currents, or to the prey to which they adhere, "their small, numerous, rasp-like teeth eating away the soft parts down to the bone." The

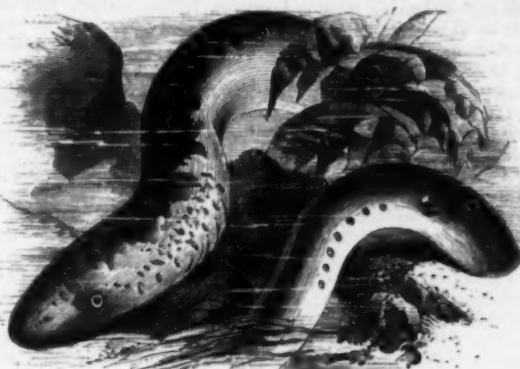
\* "There can be no other objection to this etymology than that the place is called Totyngton in all records for several centuries after the name first occurs."—*Lysons*.

† The tomb of "Mrs. Margaret Woffington, Spinster," as she is termed upon it, is a plain oval medallion. She died aged 39, in the year 1760, and had achieved great popularity as an actress, particularly for the impersonation of male characters of the foppish type; her most celebrated part being that of Sir Harry Wildair, in Farquhar's play of "The Constant Couple." She was seized with the indisposition which proved fatal to her, when speaking an epilogue at Covent Garden Theatre.

‡ Teddington Lock is now a new lock, the venerable and picturesque having given way before the march of "improvement." It is, as we have stated, the first lock on the Thames. It may interest the reader here to enumerate the several locks between Oxford and Teddington: for this list we are indebted to the Town Clerk of Oxford:—

Illey.	Dorchester.	Maple Durham.	Temple.	Bell Weir.
Sandford.	Benson.	Caversham.	Marlow.	Chertsey.
Abingdon.	Wallingford.	Sonning.	Cookham.	Shepperton.
Sutton.	Cleeve.	Shiplake.	Boulter's.	Sunbury.
Cleifden.	Goring.	Marsh.	Romney.	Hampton.
Wittenham.	Whitechurch.	Hambleton.	Old Windsor.	Teddington.

lampern is rarely received as food, but the fishery at Teddington furnishes a large supply to Holland, where they are used as bait for cod and turbot. "Formerly the Thames alone supplied from one million to twelve hundred thousand annually to the Dutch;" but of late years the fish have become comparatively scarce. They are caught in eel-baskets, and are remarkably tenacious of life. When attached to any object, "the water obtains access and



LAMPREY AND LAMPERN.

egress by seven small apertures on each side of the neck; hence its popular name of "seven eyes." They are of a dusky colour, not unlike the eel, which they resemble in other particulars.\*

Those who visit Teddington will do well to walk up the village and examine some ancient houses, with some of which enduring memories are associated; especially they will ascend a small hillock to visit STRAWBERRY HILL. Of late years it has undergone many alterations; we have preferred to picture it in its zenith, when in the full enjoyment of its fame—such as that fame was.

Strawberry Hill, the favourite residence of Horace Walpole, was built by him in 1747; but he was long afterwards employed in enlarging and improving it, as his collections of *vertu* increased. It was originally a small cottage built by a nobleman's coachman for a lodging-house, and tenanted by a toy-woman, named Chevenix: so Walpole, in one of his letters, declares his house to be "a little plaything house I got out of Mrs. Chevenix's shop." The style of architecture he adopted was the florid Gothic, and to him the merit is certainly due

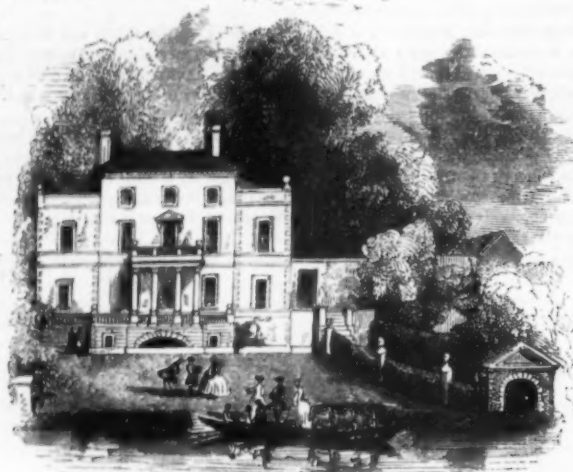


STRAWBERRY HILL.

of directing attention again to its merits. However questionable we might now consider the taste that constructed a fire-place after the fashion of the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, in Westminster Abbey, it must be remembered that the true principles of mediæval architecture had to be resuscitated; and that this study of original authorities was a step in the right direction, and infinitely better than the pseudo-Gothic of greater architects than Walpole. He succeeded in imparting a very picturesque character to his mansion, and it soon became "a show-house," so that its owner was besieged with visitors, and looked upon a wet day as his only chance of peaceably possessing it. In it he wrote his famous "Castle of Otranto," and his more famous Letters; and in the grounds he established a printing-press, amusing himself by producing therefrom luxurious editions of his own works, and those of his friends. The mansion was very slightly built, being little more than lath and plaster; Walpole himself declared "he had outlived three sets of battlements;" and on the occasion of the great sale here, in 1843, a temporary building was erected in

\* The generic character is thus given by Yarrell:—"Body smooth, elongated, cylindrical, like that of an eel; the head rounded; the mouth circular, armed with hard, tooth-like processes, the lip forming a continuous circle round the mouth; seven apertures on each side of the neck, leading to seven bronchial cells; no pectoral or ventral fins; the skin, towards the tail, extending in a fold from the body both above and below."

the garden, as the long gallery in which it was originally intended to be held, was believed to be too fragile to be filled with people. The extensive character of the collection he left may be gathered from the fact of twenty-four days being devoted to selling it. The lots averaged one hundred and fifty per day, consisting of books, prints, coins, and medals, paintings, and drawings of all ages and styles; and a vast collection which may be classed under the general name of "curiosities," embracing arms and armour, Roman pottery, Raffaele-ware, porcelain of Dresden and Sèvres, furniture of an ancient and curious kind, antique rings, snuff-boxes, and historic relics of much general interest—comprising, in fact, the combined results of a taste that seldom is found in one individual—partaking of the educated scholar, the curious bookworm, the lover of Art, the antiquary, and the collector of "nic-nacs;" for the house contained a variety that might suit the taste of all such persons. Walpole, at his death, bequeathed it to the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the lady sculptor, whose works on Henley Bridge we have already engraved. To her he bequeathed also the sum of £2000, for keeping it in repair; the reversion of the house to pass on her death to the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave; but Mrs. Damer gave it up to the latter lady before her own death. Walpole had managed, by entails and jointures, to secure his collections from being scattered through several generations; but, all legal obstacles being removed, the renowned George Robins scattered them in April and May, 1842. The greatest interest was excited, as the collection comprised very rare things, which had been comparatively unknown for the previous half century, and large prices were realised for the various lots. The present Countess of Waldegrave is, however, anxiously replacing in the old house such articles as she can recover; and though it will be hopeless to expect to restore a title of its original contents, every item regained will add to the general interest of the whole.



POPE'S VILLA.

Pope's Villa is the next remarkable residence after Strawberry Hill is passed, from which it is distant but a very short walk. Pope had died before Horace Walpole had completed his purchase; but the house remained in the condition in which the former had left it. Our cut is copied from an engraving exhibiting it as in Pope's era. He purchased this house in 1715, and removed to it with his parents from Binfield. The high road from Twickenham to Teddington passed in front of the house, and the small piece of ground at the back, toward the Thames, was all the garden Pope could command without crossing the road, where the large garden was situated; he accordingly formed a tunnel beneath the road, and decorating it with spars, it became "the grotto," so celebrated by his friends, and so ably described by himself, and immortalized by the verse he wrote on it. He had little care for money, and as he made more than he wanted for necessity, he spent it in continually improving his house and garden. Speaking of this once to Spence, he said, "I never save anything, unless I meet with such a pressing case as is an absolute demand upon me; then I retrench fifty pounds or so from my own expenses. As, for instance, had such a thing happened this year, then I would not have built my two summer-houses." His half-sister, Mrs. Racket, once said to the same person, "It is most certain that nobody ever loved money so little as my brother." He died at Twickenham in 1744, and was buried in the church, with his father and mother. After his death the house was sold to Sir William Stanhope, who added new wings to it, enlarged the gardens, and formed a second subterranean passage. His daughter marrying the Right Hon. Welbore Ellis (afterwards Lord Mendip), the estate passed into his hands, and he guarded with jealous care every relic of Pope. At his death Sir John Brisco succeeded to the ownership, and when he died it was unfortunately purchased by the Baroness Howe, in 1807, who at once ordered it to be destroyed, and erected a new mansion at the distance of a hundred yards from the site.

Villas, many of them very fanciful in construction, now line the Middlesex bank of the river—few, however, being on the Surrey side—until we reach the populous village of Twickenham.

In the days of Pope and Walpole, Twickenham seemed likely to realise the prediction of the latter, "that it would become as celebrated as Baiae or Tivoli." It was the fashion to construct residences on the Thames banks, and to make the village a retiring place for the celebrities of London. Hudson, the painter, and the early instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds, erected a dwelling near Pope's

Villa, and in close contiguity to one built by Scott, "the English Canaletti," as he was termed, and the friend of Hogarth. Sir Godfrey Kneller—"Kneller, by heaven, and not a master, taught"—also retired to Twickenham to spend the latter years of his life.\* On a stone inserted in the church wall, noting a grant of space to increase the limits of the church-yard by the Duke of Somerset, in 1713, Sir Godfrey is named as one of the churchwardens.†



TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

The parish church is situated upon the edge of the river, but it is almost hidden from view by a large island, sacred to picnic parties, and known as Eel-pie Island, from the most popular refreshment provided there. It is of considerable length, and has a house for the entertainment of water-parties, the whole of this "ait" being devoted to their use. A narrow arm of the Thames divides it from the village of Twickenham, and nearly opposite the middle of the island stands the church, in front of which is the old vicarage and its gardens. The church tower is an old stone fabric, apparently of the time of Henry VII.; the body of the church was rebuilt in 1715; it had fallen to the ground on the night of the 9th of April, 1713, owing to neglect. It is chiefly



POPE'S MONUMENT.

remarkable as the mausoleum of Pope and his family. They are buried in a vault in front of the communion rails. Pope erected to the memory of his parents a tablet in the east wall of the north gallery; and upon the north wall

\* He resided at Whitton, a hamlet of the parish; he built a substantial brick mansion there; the hall and staircase were painted by Laguerre, under his superintendence, and it is said exhibits some of Sir Godfrey's own handiwork.

† He also officiated as a justice of peace for the county, and several amusing anecdotes are given of his adjudications in what he considered equity; in some instances quite opposed to the letter of the law. Thus, on one occasion, a soldier was brought before him for stealing a joint of meat, but having pleaded that it was the butcher's fault for putting such a temptation in his way: Sir Godfrey took his view of the case, and discharged the man, giving the astonished butcher a severe reprimand! Pope has alluded to the decision in his lines—

"I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,  
Who sent the thief (that stole the cash) away,  
And punished him that put it in his way."



a monument was erected to the poet himself, by Bishop Warburton.\* It is of pyramidal form, of dark grey marble, with a medallion of the poet, as if suspended upon it, above which is a laurel wreath.† On the outer wall of the church, on the same side, is the tablet Pope placed to the memory of Mary Beach, "in gratitude to a faithful old servant," who had been his nurse and constantly attended him for thirty-eight years. Near it is another tablet to the memory of Mrs. Clive—the "Kitty Clive" of Garrick's era; it bears a long rhyming inscription, commencing:—

"Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,  
Her moral virtues and her well-earned fame."

After making a competency by her exertions as a comic actress, she retired to Twickenham, and resided at a house on the site of Marble Hill Cottage. Mrs. Pritchard, the great tragic actress, on whom Garrick principally depended in his great plays, also lived at Raymons Castle close by.

On the right bank of the river, the long line of Petersham Meadows terminates at the grounds of Ham House, which is almost hidden in a mass of noble trees, and stands nearly opposite the extremity of Twickenham Ait. This noble old mansion was built in 1610 (as appears by a date over the principal entrance) by Sir Thomas Vavasor, who was appointed, with Sir Francis Bacon, one of the judges of the Marshal's Court in the year ensuing. It was sold to the Earl of Dysart in the reign of James I., "whose widow, Katherine, on the 22nd of May, 1651, surrendered it to the use of Sir Lionel Tollemache, and Elizabeth his wife, her daughter, who in the year following, surrendered it to the use of Sir Lionel's will."‡ This daughter, by her second marriage, became Duchess of Lauderdale, and was remarkable for the political power she possessed, being one of the busiest women of a busy age. Burnet describes her as "a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts. She had a wonderful quickness of apprehension, and an amazing vivacity in conversation. She had



HAM HOUSE.

studied not only divinity and history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything she set about; a violent friend, but a much more violent enemy." After the Restoration she became the chief politician; "she took upon her to determine everything; she sold all places; and was wanting in no methods that could bring her money, which she lavished out in a most profuse vanity." The small dull chamber in which she is traditionally reported to have received the king and courtiers, is still preserved intact; and her favourite chair still remains there, with her reading-desk and walking-cane beside it. The interior of the mansion is an excellent specimen of the noble houses of that era; the ceilings are painted by Verrio, and the ornaments and furniture display the massive magnificence of decoration then in fashion; the bellows and brushes in some of the apartments are encased in silver ornament, and the several drawing-rooms contain valuable and interesting relics in profusion; few mansions in England are more crowded with pictures and objects of *verru* than this. The long gallery is hung with portraits of the principal statesmen of the courts of the Stuarts.§

On the left bank a pleasant field-path leads to Richmond, over fertile meadows, studded with noble mansions. The first of importance after passing the ait, is Orleans House, a noble mansion of red brick with white quoins. Here resided Queen Anne while she was Princess of Denmark. The young prince, her son, used to amuse himself by exercising a troop of boy soldiers on

\* It is the one nearest the spectator in our engraving. That at the extremity of the gallery, to which the female figure points, is that which the poet placed to the memory of his parents.

† Beneath are the lines:—

## POETA LOQUITUR.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Heroes and kings your distance keep,  
In peace let our poor poet sleep;  
Who never flattered folks like you:  
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too."

Pope expressly directed, in his will, that he should be buried "near his dear parents," and that he should be "carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth as mourning."

‡ Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey*.

§ In a small room adjacent, the famous opposition ministry to Clarendon, known as the "Cabal" (from the initials of the names of the five noblemen who formed it), was wont to meet. It is still called "The Cabal Chamber." A full description of this interesting house, with many illustrations, may be found in "The Baronial Halls" (vol. ii.), edited by S. C. Hall, F.S.A.

the ait we have spoken of. Caroline, Queen of George II., was once entertained here by the then proprietor of the mansion, who on that occasion built the octagon room, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the view. It bears the name of Orleans House, from having been rented by the Duke of Orleans at the commencement of the present century; and here Louis Philippe, afterwards King of the French, passed some of the happiest years of a life of unusual adventure. Next is Marble Hill; it was designed, and the building superintended, by Henry, Earl of Pembroke, the estate having been purchased, and the house erected, by King George II., for the Countess of Suffolk.



ORLEANS HOUSE.

A very pleasant walk from Ham leads to the pretty and retired village of Petersham, on the high road between Richmond and Kingston. It was famous in times long gone by, but is now chiefly remarkable for the renowned establishment of Dr. Ellis—Sudbrook Park—renowned for its "water cure," by which many have obtained happiness with health. We believe there is no place of the kind throughout the kingdom better conducted; the principle adopted with so much success is no doubt greatly aided by the pure air, the tranquillity of umbrageous walks, the close vicinity to Richmond Park, and that retirement from thought and labour which are the best ministers to disease, either of body or mind.

Petersham is very closely associated with our earliest and pleasantest memories of the Thames: many years have passed since we occupied a small cottage in that quiet village; and with it not a few of our happiest associations are connected. We ask leave of our readers, therefore, to introduce to them one of these "memories;" desiring to make them acquainted with a character who cannot yet have been entirely forgotten in that quiet and comparatively unaltered neighbourhood.

Peter Petersham—we knew him a long time ago in the pretty village of Petersham; his name was Peter, and so we always called him Peter Petersham, or Petersham Peter, it did not matter which. He was then a stalwart green-eyed man—indeed we fancied he had a green-toned skin—and his hair looked more like a tangle of green water-plants than human hair, it was so damp and clinging. We seldom strolled without meeting him in the lane that led from the corner of our cottage garden to the noble avenues and quaint imaginings of Ham House, where old Lady Dysart then resided, and used to drive out of those stately gates (which seemed intended to send forth only stately carriages with six portly horses—the carriages containing only big wigs and high heads) in a tiny carriage, drawn by a pony, who seemed to think his life depended on his swiftness; a wonderful old lady she was—nearly ninety—quite blind, highly rouged, and wearing a round black hat, and a cloth something, that seemed an ancient riding-habit. It was pleasant to see the "turn-out" bowling along the avenue. As we have said, we seldom reached the superb trees without encountering Petersham Peter, looking as if he was the river god, who kept his cold guard in the midst of the stately "pleasance"—all walled in so grim and green—and had been suddenly seized with a desire for roving, to ascertain if the world was going as it did in the days of old Lady Lauderdale. Peter was very erect, and looked as if his figure were draped for effect; his garments hung loosely about him, and he carried a dangling fishing-net on a pole, with several eel baskets and indescribable things he used for Thames fishing, or poaching, or anything "handy." Sometimes you came upon him stretched at his full length upon a bank sloping to the Thames; however sleepy or heavy he might look, be sure he was watching a kingfisher, or noting if any particular "jack," or miraculous eel, made their water-home in his immediate neighbourhood. Sometimes while rowing round an "ait," or crossing to Twickenham, Peter was seen rising from among the reeds or rushes, or leaning in one of his most picturesque attitudes by the hollow trunk of an aged willow. Sometimes you met him in Richmond Park, and he knew every dell and tree, and could tell you where the "liveliest snakes," and greenest lizards, and best flies for fly-fishing, were to be found. He called bottom fishing "mud-grubbing," and always said that whoever was fond of catching fish in an unnatural, "unlegitimate" way, deserved hanging. What Peter's unnatural and illegitimate way of catching fish was more than we believe was known; he had his own ideas on the subject, and very quaint and original they doubtless were; but our own opinion was, that Peter caught fish, or aught else, when and how he could, without reference to any standard of right or wrong. We have said that a long pole, with a landing-net dangling from one end, rested on his shoulder; he also carried no end of rods, and lines, and traps for moles or beetles—queer implements only comprehended by himself. He was a good practical entomologist, though he made rare mistakes with the scientific names, which he always attempted; and whenever he had a rare specimen to show, he would suddenly drop all his paraphernalia on the grass, and





RECENT SCIENTIFIC APPLICATIONS  
TO THE ART OF DYEING.DYES PRODUCED FROM GUANO, COAL-TAR,  
AND GRASS.

SINCE the days when the Tyrian purple and the scarlet of the Kermes lent their brilliant hues to the garments with which the inhabitants of the shores of the *Ægean* decorated themselves, man has constantly sought to obtain new colours, or to vary those which he already possessed. The mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms have been eagerly searched for tinctures with which the product of the cotton-plant, the silk of the worm, or the hair or wool of animals, could be rendered ornamental. Ere yet there was a thought of science, men expressed juices, made infusions, and, in fact, performed, in their empirical way, experiments which were really chemical; and although there was much waste of time, and more of material, they now and then stumbled upon some interesting fact. These facts, whether noticed through some accident, or arrived at by careful research, not unfrequently became the sources of great profit to the discoverer, and hence we have the ennoblement of many a family; and names derived from the arts they advanced, still remain among the nobility of Florence and of Venice. The alchemists brought into Europe, from their Arabian homes, the germs of many of the arts, which took root and flourished in what are now the great capitals of Europe. Although those remarkable enthusiasts were led, by the accident of the times, to devote their attention mainly to the discovery of the *water of life*, and the transmutation of metals, we find many valuable discoveries recorded by them, made in humbler paths, and which led to the advancement of many of the useful arts. Numerous pigments and various dyes resulted from the discoveries of these early chemists, and to them we are indebted for the most useful mordants which we now employ in our process of dyeing. When we look at the permanence and the beauty of the colours employed by the old masters—when, indeed, we examine the frescoes of Pompeii, or the wall-paintings of the Egyptians—we cannot but be struck by the beauty and the permanence of the colours which men in those early days possessed. Much of the textile fabric which has been preserved in the tombs of Egypt, displays the persistence of the dyes employed in the days of the Pharaohs.

Still, notwithstanding our wealth in colours, chemists have never ceased to introduce to our notice new ones; and we have now to record a few of the most recent, and by no means least important discoveries, which have been made in the production of colours suited for the dyer or calico-printer. Of late years, the public have, from time to time, been astonished by the announcement that some delicate perfumes and peculiar aromatic essences could be prepared from the refuse matters of large towns and the waste of manufactures. Essences which are now employed in flavouring confectionery, and for scenting the oils and pomades of the perfumer, are derived from some of the most offensive of refuse materials. Nothing in the whole range of chemistry is more remarkable than this transmutation of compounds. We see, on one hand, a mass of putrefying matter, from which the most offensive effluvia are liberated; and on the other a delicate essence, which goes by, and deserves, the name of "millefleur," "bouquet of flowers," or some such term, the result of chemical treatment. The extent to which this change is produced is well illustrated by an anecdote told by Dr. Hofmann in his memoir "On the Phosphorous Bases." One of the compounds

obtained, called by its discoverer *triethylphosphine*, has a very peculiar odour, "penetrating and benumbing,"—some of these phosphorous compounds being, in smell, "intolerable." Of this compound Dr. Hofmann remarks in a note as follows:—"There is nothing new in the fact that the odour of a substance may be considerably changed by dilution. Several years ago, when occupied in the preparation of different ethers which have found numerous applications in perfumery, I had frequent opportunities of observing how the desired aroma, which was absent in the pure substance, was brought out by dilution with alcohol. The hyacinth smell of the dilute phosphorous base, *triethylphosphine*, is so characteristic, that one morning I found in my laboratory a large basket filled with hyacinths, the present of a lady friend of mine, who, interested in my labours, had a strong impression that *triethylphosphine* must be present in the hyacinth. In the interest of science, the entire floral adornment of the garden had been unmercifully sacrificed! It would have been ungrateful not to distil them, but I regret to say, that the anticipation of the amiable donor, who wished to enrich me with so interesting a discovery, proved unfounded. The hyacinth does not contain any phosphorous base."

No less curious and instructive, are some of the changes which take place in regard to colour. Dr. Prout, many years since, found that the excretions of serpents, when heated with nitric acid and a little ammonia, gave a most beautiful purple colour, to which he gave the name of the *purpuration of ammonia*. This substance is, when dry, of a dark red colour, which is soluble in water, giving that fluid a very fine red tint. This solution not only gives a precipitate with metallic salts, but, when evaporated, yields beautiful crystals, having the remarkable iridescent appearance of beetles' wings. The German chemists, Liebig and Wöhler, have investigated this subject, and they have obtained from uric acid this substance, which they have called *murexide*, and a new class of organic substances, the knowledge of which has facilitated the application of *murexide* to dyeing and printing.

It was Mr. Saac, however, who first applied this remarkable product in the dyeing of fabrics. His process consisted in dipping woollen cloth, previously prepared with a salt of tin, into a weak solution of *alloxan* or erythric acid—a product discovered by Liebig and Wöhler during their investigations on urea. When the cloth so prepared is dried and submitted to heat, a fine crimson is generated, and if exposed to the fumes of ammonia, it is considerably increased in intensity. Mr. Saac's experiments have been followed up by those of Mr. Schlumberger and of M. de Pouilly. By the processes of the former investigators *murexide* could not be made to impart its colour to silk or cotton; in the hands of the latter, however, this has been most successfully effected.

M. de Pouilly dips the silk into a concentrated solution of bichloride of mercury mixed with *murexide*, squeezing the silk well, and hanging it in the air,—when a magnificent crimson insoluble compound is fixed on the silk.

Messrs. Landt and Schlumberger are stated to be the discoverers of a method for applying the *murexide* on cotton.

The fabric is mordanted with nitrate of lead, passed into an alkali, and then dyed with the *murexide*. It is lastly dipped into a solution of the bichloride of mercury, which brings out the colour in its full brilliancy. Other dyers and calico-printers have much improved this process, especially Messrs. Dolfus & Co., in France, and Mr. Lightfoot, in Lancashire. They print *murexide* with an excess of nitrate of lead; then they either expose the cloth to

the action of the fumes of ammonia, or they pass it through a solution of caustic soda mixed with sal-ammoniac.

In the application of this colour to mousseline-de-laine, and such like mixed up fabrics, Mr. Schlumberger has been eminently successful. The wool employed in the fabric is first prepared by uniting binoxide of tin with it. The double chloride of ammonium and tin, a salt known to calico-printers as pink salt, is first employed. The prepared cloth is then printed with the following mixture:—One part of *murexide*, six parts of nitrate of lead, and two parts of nitrate of soda. The pieces so printed are allowed to rest for two or three days, when, to fix the purpuration of lead on the cotton, and the purpuration of ammonia on the wool, it is necessary to pass the cloth into the following bath of the bichloride of mercury: water, 100 gallons, bichloride of mercury six pounds, acetate of soda twelve pounds, acetic acid two quarts. This brings out the colour in great beauty and permanence.

Our agriculturists were much delighted at the discovery of those remarkable deposits of certain sea-fowls on the coasts of Peru, Bolivia, and Africa, known as guano. The remarkable fertilizing powers of this substance have led to an immense demand, and thousands of tons of guano are annually imported into this country. This important natural product has the following composition:—

Urate of ammonia	9.0
Oxalate of ammonia	10.0
Oxalate of lime	7.0
Phosphate of ammonia	6.0
Phosphate of ammonia and magnesia	2.6
Sulphate of potash	5.5
Ditto of soda	3.3
Sal-ammoniac	4.2
Phosphate of lime	14.3
Clay and sand	4.7
Water and organic matter	32.3

From this it will be evident that we have the elements necessary for the preparation of *murexide* existing in the guano; and from this excretion, which has been for years gathering on the remote islands of the South American and African shores, we are now preparing this beautiful dye.

Several splendid colours have lately been obtained from coal-tar. By chemical means we can prepare from the refuse tar of our gas-works, a peculiar compound of carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, called *aniline*. Coal-tar is agitated with hydrochloric acid, which seizes upon the basic oils, and the clear liquor, containing an hydrochlorate of these oils, is decanted off. This is evaporated over an open fire until it begins to disengage acid fumes, which indicate the commencement of decomposition, and it is then filtered to separate any adhering neutral compounds. By potash, or by milk of lime, the hydrochlorates are then decomposed, the bases being liberated in the form of a brown oil, consisting of a mixture of *aniline*, and an analogous compound called *leucol*. This oil is submitted to distillation, and the *aniline* is chiefly found in that portion which passes over at about 360° Fahr. The *aniline* is purified by repeated distillations, and by treatment again with hydrochloric acid.

*Aniline* combines with acids, forming a long series of salts which are in every respect analogous to the corresponding salts of ammonia. They are nearly all soluble and crystallisable, and are decomposed by the mineral alkalies, with liberation of *aniline*. These salts are generally colourless, but become red by exposure to the air. The sulphate of *aniline* is the only salt of this series with which we have, at present, to deal. It is prepared by heating *aniline* with dilute sulphuric acid, and evaporating gently till the salt separates. It crystallises from boiling alcohol in the form of beautiful colourless plates, of a silvery lustre. The crystals, like the other salts of *aniline*, redden by expo-

sure to the air. From this salt several fine colours have been procured by Mr. W. H. Perkin, of Greenford Green, near Harrow, which are of different shades of violet, some approaching to purple, while others are more pink. The process of the manufacture of these colours has been patented: from the specification we copy the following description of it:—

"Take equivalent portions of sulphate of aniline and bichromate of potash, dissolve them in water, and mix the solutions. After they have been allowed to stand for twelve hours, the whole is thrown upon a filter, and the black precipitate which is formed is washed and dried. This is then digested with coal-tar naphtha to extract a brown resinous substance, and finally digested with methylated spirits, to dissolve out the colouring matter, which is left behind as a coppery friable mass, on distilling off the spirit. This being mixed with a little tartaric or oxalic acid, forms the dyeing liquor." This fine colour rivals the delicate and admired colours of orchil—and it has this great advantage over it, that it is not destroyed by light. Mr. Crace Calvert and Mr. Charles Lowe have also obtained from coal-tar products having a most extraordinary dyeing power, and yielding colours nearly as beautiful as safflower pinks and cochineal crimson; and what increases the interest of this coal-tar product is, that by a process discovered by these chemists, they can obtain with it, on a piece of calico mordanted for madder colours, "all the various colours and shades given by the madder-root, as violet, purple, chocolate, pink and red." Again, Mr. Calvert says: "The only thing which has prevented us from introducing into the market the crown red inodorous paper which we prepare, has been, that it is as yet too expensive to compete with this extraordinary colour-giving root; but, we intend pursuing our researches, in the hope of employing it as a substitute for safflower or cochineal, two colouring matters the price of which is sufficiently high to induce us to continue our investigations. We may add that our imitation of safflower colour stands soap and light, whilst safflower colours do not."

The green colouring matter of leaves is familiar to all: it is the result of a highly carbonized compound effected by the agency of light. If a plant is made to grow in darkness it has yellow leaves and white stalks—this colouring compound—*chlorophyll*—is not formed. The more intense the solar light the more abundantly is the green colour produced; hence the leaves of all tropical plants are much darker than those which grow in the more temperate regions of the earth. If we express the green juices of leaves we may stain paper or cotton green with it; but upon exposure to light, it rapidly turns yellow.

Attention has been lately drawn to a green matter discovered by the Chinese, and fixed by them on cotton. It has been ascertained that they prepare it, by a long and tedious process, from two plants called *Pabi-lo-za* (*Rhamnus chlorophorus*), and *Hombi-lo-za* (*Rhamnus utilis*)—both belonging to the well known buckthorn tribe; and they sell it in small square cakes, under the name of *Luh-kaou* or *Luh-chao*. Mr. Crace Calvert informs us that the commercial importation of this article is quite recent, as the first public sale of it in England took place but a few weeks since, at the quarterly indigo sales, under the name of *China green indigo*. No sooner had a foreign green substance been brought to our notice, than in Europe we had succeeded in obtaining also a green dyeing substance from the plants which surround us; and Mr. Schlumberger has been fortunate enough to fix on woollen fabrics the *chlorophyll*, or colouring matter of leaves or grass.

Mr. Schlumberger's process is to boil 60 lbs.

of grass with 25 gallons of water. This operation is repeated, and the grass then treated with 25 gallons of soda lye, with addition of from 2 lbs. to 4 lbs. of Mercer's dung-substitute (phosphate of soda and lime). It is then boiled for half an hour, and an excess of hydrochloric acid added, upon which a green precipitate falls, which is separated by filtration. This precipitate is dissolved in very dilute soda lye, adding a little of the phosphate of soda and lime, and the silk or wool to be dyed is dipped in until the desired shade is obtained. Stannate of soda is the only mordant which can be used with any beneficial result in dyeing with this colouring matter of leaves and grasses.

One of the most interesting chapters in the history of the applications of chemistry in modern times, will be the account of the utilization of waste products. Science has taught us that, frequently, the material which in a manufacturing process has been rejected as useless, is the most valuable. The products from coal are remarkable as examples of this. At one period gas alone was obtained, and the coke, the tar, and the gas-liquor were all rejected as useless. We have for a long period been steadily advancing, and now the manufacturers of gas obtain that illuminating fluid free of cost, the other products of the manufacture—formerly all wasted—yielding a profit sufficiently large to meet all the expenses of the works. We are yet advancing further, and our coal-tar—as the source from which we may obtain colours rivaling in beauty the finest of our crimsons and purples—will become yet more valuable.

Not merely are those discoveries curious and important in a commercial view, but they are eminently instructive as showing us the wonderful machinery which is ever at work around us, giving many thousand different forms to some one element entering into combination with another in obedience to fixed laws. We should learn, from these facts, that even in the most trodden paths of science, there are still vast treasures awaiting the careful and patient investigator. We should, looking beyond the science, and advancing to the philosophy of our subject, study those vast powers with which nature makes her endless transmutations in the organic world. The words of the quaint Robert Boyle are to the purpose:—

"For the works of God are not like the tricks of jugglers, or the pageants that entertain princes, where concealment is requisite to wonder; but the knowledge of the works of God proportion our admiration of them, they participating and disclosing so much of the inexhaustible perfections of their Author, that the further we contemplate them, the more footsteps and impressions we discover of the perfections of their Creator; and our utmost science can but give us a juster veneration of his omniscience. And as when some country fellow looks upon a curious watch, though he may be hugely taken with the rich enamel of the case, and perhaps with some pretty landscape that adorns the dial-plate, yet will not his ignorance permit him so advantageous a notion of the exquisite maker's skill, as that little engine will form in some curious artist, who besides that obvious workmanship that first entertains the eye, considers the exactness, and knows the use of every wheel, takes notice of their proportion, contrivance, and adaptation altogether, and of the hidden springs that move them all. So in the world, though every peruser may read the existence of a Deity, and be in his degree affected with what he sees, yet is he utterly unable to descry there those subtler characters and flourishes of omniscience which true philosophers are sharp-sighted enough to discover."

ROBERT HUNT.

## HISTORY OF ANCIENT POTTERY.\*

On the "Sources of Subjects" Mr. Birch remarks: "We will now proceed to consider the different works of Art, from which the vase painter may have derived some of his ideas. These works were ever present to his eye in great number and variety, and he reproduced them in accordance with the spirit of his age, without making servile imitations; for vase paintings cannot be considered as mere mechanical copies, scarcely any two of them being alike. The treatment of the subject generally resembles that observed in the mural paintings of the oldest sepulchres. . . . The subjects on the later vases of the fine style, recall to mind the description of the pictures of Polygnotus; whilst in those of the decadence, the treatment resembles that adopted by Zeuxis, Apelles, and other artists of the Rhodian school, such as Nicias, from whose works they may have been copied. Yet it is almost impossible to identify vase-paintings with any particular works of antiquity, although it is evident from Pausanias that their subjects were to be found in all the principal shrines of Greece. Few, however, present such entire compositions as occupied the time of the greatest painters."

Upon this latter point we would venture to observe that the limited means of operation at the disposal of the artist necessitated clearness and simplicity in the treatment of the subjects: hence complicated action is studiously avoided, each figure, as nearly as possible, being independent in outline; the result is a balance of colour which could not otherwise have been obtained.

Mr. Birch continues: "The greater part contain only portions of subjects, although some striking examples show that the whole argument of an Epos was sometimes painted. Hence their importance both to the study of ancient painting, and to the reconstruction of the lost arguments of the Cyclic and other writers; for as in the so-called *Raffaellware* may be traced the arguments of the Scriptures and of Ovid, so in the Greek vases may be found the subjects of the Cypria and the Nostoi, and of the lost tragedies of the Athenian dramatist, together with traces of comedies of all styles, and even allegories derived from the philosophical schools, all of which had successively engaged the pencils of the most celebrated artists. That these vases were copies from pictures or sculptures is maintained by one of the most acute connoisseurs, who cites the celebrated vase at Naples, of the last night of Troy, as an evident copy of a frieze or picture, and the procession on a Vulcan cup, as taken from a sculpture. But it is impossible at the same time not to admit that, in so vast a number, there are some, if not many subjects, which were invented by the vase painters. These are detected by the corrections of the master's hand, and by the composition, with its accompanying ornaments, being adjusted to the character of the vase. Such works are supposed to be the productions of the vase painters Archicles, Zenocles, Panthæus, Sosias, and Epictetus."

We cannot agree in the conclusion that many of the subjects were the invention of the painters, simply from the evidence of the "corrections" referred to. The difficulty of drawing upon clay is such that even a practised hand, with the advantage of a previously selected and prepared design, would but effect a primary sketch, or indent, presenting ample scope for "corrections" when the pigment which fixed the subject had to be applied.

Inscriptions and dates are thus referred to: "The inscriptions which occur on vases are limited to those produced at the middle period of the art. On the earliest vases they are not found at all; on those with pale straw-coloured grounds, they are of rare occurrence; on vases with black figures and red ground they are often seen; and on those with red figures they are constant accompaniments, and continue to be so till the decadence of the art, as seen in the wares of the Basilicata and southern Italy, when inscriptions again became comparatively scarce. Some of the last inscriptions are in the Oscan and Latin language, showing the influence and domination of the Romans in Campana. The inscriptions follow the laws of palæography of the period in which they occur. The oldest inscriptions are those of the following vases:—The Corinthian vase of

\* Concluded from p. 122.]



Dodwell, with the hunt of the boar of Calydon; a cup of the maker Tleson, with the same subject, and the nuptial dance of Ariadne; the vase of the Hamilton collection, found at Capua; a vase with the subject of the Geryon; the so-called François vase at Florence; another with the combat over the body of Achilles; and a cup on which is seen Arcesilaus, king of Cyrene. Of these, the Dodwell vase has been supposed by some archaeologists to be of the seventh century B.C. None, however, date earlier than Olympiad xxx = B.C. 660, when writing is known to have been used in Greece. The date of the Arcesilaus vase cannot be prior to Olympiad xlvii—li., when the first of the Battiads ruled at Cyrene, nor much later than the lxxx. Olympiad = B.C. 458, when the fourth of the line was in power. Millingen's opinion is quoted as to the division of the principal epochs thus:—

"1st. That of the Ancient Style, B.C. 700—450, in which are comprehended the first efforts of the art.

"2nd. That of vases of the Fine Style, B.C. 450—228, from the time of the Persian to the second Punic war. The best, he supposes, were executed during the age of Phidias and Polygnotus.

"3rd. That of vases manufactured from the second Punic to the Social war. Later than this they could not have been made, for in the days of Augustus, all the towns of Magna Græcia, except Rhegium, Naples, and Tarentum, had relapsed into barbarism."

We extract the following from the article "On their various Uses":—"As all the vases hitherto known have been discovered in sepulchres, it would at first sight appear that their destination was for the dead; but this seems to have been a subsequent use of them, and many, if not all, were employed for the purposes of life." D'Hancarville supposes that the large vases were dedicated to the gods in the various shrines of Greece and Rome, as by the Metapontines, in their Naos at Olympia, and by the Byzantines in the chapel of Hera.

The civil and domestic uses of vases include a variety of forms and decorations specially adapted for their purpose. The painted were chiefly used for entertainment and the triclinia of the wealthy. "The *hydria*, or water-vases, went to the well, and the various kinds of amphore served for carrying wine about at entertainments. Those called *craters* were used to mix wine; and the *psycter*, or cooler, to prepare it for drinking. In jugs called *amphoræ* and *olpe*, also of painted ware, wine was drawn from the craters, which was then poured into various painted cups, as the *scyphos*, the *cylix*, the *cantharus*, and the *rytha*, horns or beakers, which were the most common. A kind of cup, called the *cyathus*, also of painted ware, was likewise used; the cup called *phiale* was employed in religious rites. The vases used upon the table were the *pinax* or plate, a vase supposed to be the *lecanæ* or tureen, and certain dishes called *tryblia*, generally of ruder material and manufacture than the others—one of the most remarkable of these vases is the *cirnos*. For the service of the toilet were the *pyxis*, the *cylichne*, the *tripodiakos*, the *alabastron*, the *lecythus*, and the *aryballos*. One of the noblest uses to which terra-cotta vases were applied, was as prizes given to the victors in the public games. These prizes, called *athla*, besides the honorary crowns, armour, and tripods, and other valuable objects, were occasionally fictile vases and even coins. Certain vases, bearing the inscription 'From Athens,' or 'Prizes from Athens,' seem to have been given to the victors in the Pentathlon, or courses of athletic exercises in the Panathenæa, and are mentioned by Pindar. Some of the vases, which are principally in the old style, are of two sizes, the greater given for the athletic, and the lesser for musical contests.

"At the earliest period of Greece vases were not employed to hold the ashes of the dead; those, for example, of the oldest style found at Athens and at Vulci do not contain ashes. In the Etruscan cemeteries the dead were not burnt, but laid at full length, with all their personal ornaments, their furniture, their arms, and their vases. The custom prevailed amongst the Romans of employing fictile vases exclusively for religious rites, amongst which, that of interment was included: hence the use of the beautiful vases imported from Greece for funeral purposes; and after the due performance of libations,

the vases so employed were thrown away, and left broken in the corners of sepulchres. Numerous specimens of vases thus used have been found, especially *amphoræ* and *cylices*. Other vases of considerable size, and which certainly had not been so employed, were deposited in tombs, as the most acceptable offerings to the deceased, recalling to the mind of the shade the joy and glory of his life, the festivals he had shared, the *hetaïræ* with whom he had lived, the Lydian airs that he had heard, and the games that he had seen or taken part in. Those vases were selected which were most appropriate for funeral purposes, or to contain the milk, oil, and wine which were placed on the bier, with their necks inclined to the corpse, in order that the liquid should run over it while in the fire; those used at the *perideipnon*, or last supper, in which the food of the deceased was placed at his side, and a vase, called the *ardalion*, which held the lustral water, placed at the door of a house where a death had taken place. After the earliest or heroic ages, and during the period of the old vases with black figures, the Greeks appear to have used them for holding the ashes of the dead."

Respecting the "Potters of Antiquity," Mr. Birch remarks:—"Unfortunately little is known of their condition, except that they formed a guild or fraternity, and that they amassed vast fortunes by exporting their products to the principal emporia of the world. The oldest establishments appear to have been at Samos, Corinth, and Ægina, and it was not till a later period that the Athenian pottery attained any great eminence or became universally sought after. The existence of two *kerameikoi*, or pottery districts, at Athens, and the fact that some of the principal men were connected with the potteries, show the great commercial importance of the manufacture." In many respects the similitude between the ancient and modern potters is very striking; the following extracts will sufficiently illustrate this fact without further comment:—"However, the competition in the trade was so warm as to pass into a proverb, and the animosity of some of the rival potters is recorded upon certain vases: to this spirit is also probably to be referred many of the tricks of trade, such as forgeries of the names of makers, and the numerous illegible inscriptions."

It is to the potters of Samos that one of the Homeric hymns is addressed, the oldest record of the art in literature. It appears from the life of Homer, attributed to Herodotus, that the poet had taken refuge in one of the potteries from a storm, and that upon the morrow the potters, who were preparing to light their furnace and bake their earthenware, perceiving Homer, whose merit was known to them, called upon him to sing some verses, promising, in return, to present him with a vase or any other object they possessed. Homer accepted their offer, and sung to them the "Lay of the Furnace," in which the inflated language of epic verse is applied, in a kind of satiric strain to the subject of baking vases—"Oh, you who work the clay, and who offer me a recompense, listen to my strains—Athenes! I invoke thee! Appear, listen, and lend thy skilful hand to the labour of the furnace, so that the vases which are about to be drawn, especially those destined for religious ceremonies, may not turn black; that all may be heated to the proper temperature; and that, fetching a good price, they may be disposed of in great numbers in the markets and streets of our city. Finally, that they may be for you an abundant source of profit, and for me a new occasion to sing to you."

A long list of potters and painters is given, with reference to the special productions to which their names are attached.

In his comments upon the modern "imitations" of these vases, Mr. Birch states:—"Of late Mr. Battan has made very excellent facsimiles of these vases, but they are produced in a manner very different from that of the ancient potters, the black colour for the ground or figures not being laid on with a glaze, but merely with a cold pigment, which has not been fired, and their lustre being produced by a polish." If, by this, Mr. Birch assumes that all the designs executed upon the early vases were in vitrified colours, we believe him to be in error. That this was the general method of fabrication there can be no doubt, but that it was subject to exceptional action is likewise certain. We have not

only had vases come under our observation, but have examples in our possession, on which the painting is executed in a bituminous pigment that has not been vitrified. These have evidently been painted on the "bisque," which being in some degree absorbent, offers a medium for the ready adhesion of the glutinous compound, whose tenacity is still further increased by submission to considerable heat, thus securing perfect cohesion.

Some interesting data are given respecting the prices of these ancient works, both at the period of their fabrication, and also the sum realised for some of the finer specimens of recent periods. Incised inscriptions upon the feet of many are assumed to be the original estimate of their value; and this assumption we are inclined to think correct. That the amount so specified must have borne reference to the work upon which it appears, cannot admit of doubt. It is unlikely that it should denote the cost of production, either as regards the fabrication or decoration, as no manufacturer would give publicity to such details, and therefore it may reasonably be accepted that the selling price is thus denoted. We thus find that "1 *cylix* cost 1 drachma, or about three shillings of the present value of money; 1 crater cost 4 obolos, or two shillings; 1 *lecythus*, 1 obolos; 1 small pot cost  $\frac{1}{2}$  obolos; 1 saucer cost  $\frac{1}{3}$  obolos; a small vase found at Nola, 2 drachmæ." These prices bear reference to ordinary products, and those of unimportant size, in which a considerable export trade was effected. The prices given for fine specimens in modern times sufficiently attest the estimation in which they are held:—"A sum of £500 was paid for the Athenæum vases in Lord Elgin's collection; £8400 for the vases of the Hamilton collection; Baron Durand's collection sold, in 1836, for £12,524—one vase in this collection, representing the death of Croesus, was purchased for the Louvre at the price of 6640 francs, or £264; another, now in the Louvre, with the subject of the youthful Hercules strangling the serpent, was purchased for 6000 francs, or £240; another, with the subject of Dejanira, Hercules and Hyllus, brought £142; and a crater, with the subject of Acamas and Demophon bringing back Athene, £170; a Bacchic amphora, of the maker Execias, of the Archaic style, was bought by the British Museum for £142. Some of the finest vases belonging to the Prince of Casino, at the sale in 1837, obtained very high prices; an *amphora* with Apollo and the Muses, and a *hydria* with the same subject, were bought in for £80 each; a *cylix* with a love scene, and another with Priam redeeming Hector's corpse, brought 6600 francs, or £264; an amphora, with the subject of Dionysius, and a cup with that of Hercules, sold for 8000 francs, or £320 each; another brought £280. At Mr. Beckford's sale the late Duke of Hamilton gave £200 for a small vase with the subject of the Indian Bacchus." In Naples these prices have been much exceeded—"£500 was given for the vase with gilded figures, discovered at Cumæ; only half a century back 8000 ducats, or £1500 was paid to Vivienzio, for the vase in the Museo Borbonico, representing the last night of Troy; £1000 for one with a Dionysiac feast; and £800 for the vase with the grand battle of the Amazons, published by Schulz."

Having already so far exceeded the limits to which we restrict, even in exceptional cases, our reviews, we can but briefly specify that the remaining parts are devoted to Etruscan, Roman, Celtic, Teutonic and Scandinavian Pottery, and contain matter of considerable though subordinate interest. We the less regret our inability to enter into any details of these classes, as in many respects they assimilate very closely to those we have already noticed; and, as we trust that what we have already extracted will induce a reference to the volumes themselves, which we cordially recommend to the perusal of all (now a large and increasing number) who take an interest in Ceramic Art.

We regret to observe that a work, which has been many years in progress, and likely to continue a standard authority upon the subject to which it refers, should be disfigured by so numerous a list of errata as we find in it—numbering *twenty-six* in the first volume, and *twenty-eight* in the second. Surely it would have been well to have avoided this.



## THE POET MOORE.

IRELAND has done her duty in erecting a statue to her great poet. His memory will endure as long as the language in which he wrote, and assuredly his best monument is his works; but it was well that his country should give expression to its gratitude. If Ireland has been rarely ready with tributes to its worthies, here at all events is one: others may follow, and the heaviest of its reproaches be thus, in time, removed.

The introduction into the *Art-Journal* of an engraving from the statue of Moore, by his namesake and countryman, affords an opportunity to offer some remarks concerning one of the most estimable and admirable of the many great men it has been our lot to know; our readers will not consider out of place such observations as may occur to us, derived from the perusal of his "Journal," and from a personal acquaintance which has long been among the happiest and most refreshing memories of our life.

If the dust of this charming poet, companion, and friend, could be "reanimate,"—and if the great man could read all that has been written concerning him since his death,—he would record, as a sad and solemn fact, the lines which perhaps he uttered only as a sentiment—

"Who would seek or prize  
Delights that end in aching;  
Who would trust to ties  
That every hour are breaking?"

During his life the Poet Moore was truly

"The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

Yet the "vanity" so frequently and so wrongfully attributed to genius, and which in him was so universally fostered, was never apparent; while the play of his expressive features, and the sweet tones of his voice, rendered his wit more fascinating, and his gentle kindness more captivating, he was ever anxious to make prominent the talents of others—ever seeming oblivious of his own: indeed, Moore never forced the personal pronoun into society;—it was always difficult to induce him to talk of himself, of what he said, or did, or wrote.

In his "Journal" he simply set down what was said and done, with very little note or comment—recording facts frequently worthless as concerned the public, but still facts: a fibre of this led down is quite as much a fact as an oak; but whether one is as worthy of being written about as the other, may be matter of opinion. It seems to us that the critics expected a very different record from his "Journal" than the poet had the power to give. Moore never assumed the guise of the philosopher, the man of science, or the historian: he dined with persons of rank and station because they courted his society, and because his naturally refined tastes and habits led him, in his turn, to prefer the society which is at once the most graceful and the least ceremonious. We never find Moore courting the merely rich—indeed, in all cases, he is the *courted*, not the *courter*: it is the severest injustice to forget the long months of labour, of privation, of patience, he endured—which he suffered to remain unrecorded, from his desire not to chronicle what was painful to himself and others—and to represent him as a voluptuary, merely because he enjoyed at intervals, "few and far between," the hospitalities of the accomplished Lord Lansdowne, the unvarying friendship of Lord John Russell, the dinners at Holland House, and the breakfasts of "Sam Rogers."

If at these great "dinners," and much-sought "breakfasts," there was nothing remarkable said, and nothing extraordinary done, the poet had consequently nothing to record. We have been at many "great dinners" and "great breakfasts" with the like result: they went off "brilliantly" everybody said; and yet, despite the smiles and glitter—the scraps of scandal—the sweet music—the pleasant words—the sparkling nothings, which "told" at the time, but fell to atoms in the attempt to carry them beyond the charmed circle—had we been of sufficient importance to keep a journal, we should have paused a long time, pen in hand, before we could recall a sentence worth remembering. The poet's error often arose from believing that gilt was gold: the urbanity, flattery, good breeding, the taste, the sweet voices, the HARMONY of such society charmed him; and in his desire to do

justice to the company, he forgot himself;—he chronicled what was said to him, and seldom what he replied or thought. The English, even at their dinners, are far more remarkable for "deeds" than "words." The best dinners at the best houses are slow; and if a lion happen to be present, his influence is that of a "wet blanket" on the company: they fear to "come out" before him; they glance at him between the acts of *entremets* and champagne; the national shyness and suspicion press heavily upon them; they think how quiet, and like themselves, the "lion" is; they wonder what he will say, and when he will begin to say it; and are frequently disappointed at meeting a gentleman when they expected a merry-Andrew. The natural good faith and charming simplicity of Moore prevented his seeing this: sincere and affectionate himself, he believed in the sincerity and affection, not only of his friends, but of his associates. He was more prone than any man we ever knew to exaggerate courtesies into services—yet only those who knew him in his own home, could appreciate the brightness and charm of his conversation, and his total forgetfulness of self. But there are some who delight to draw forced conclusions from one-sided views, and who insist that the poet was an egotist and a sensualist; they scramble sentences together, giving the text, but not the context, and argue for victory, not truth; they exaggerate the hours he passed in the brilliant society of London, and do not notice the months of domestic love and labour he spent with his beloved wife and family.

One of the most beautiful passages of the "Journal," is that in which he records his visit to the grocer's shop in "Aungier Street," and notes with such emotion, the "little back-kitchen" where, when a child, he used to eat his bread and milk, before going to school! And then after the Bannow fête, and the Dublin reception, with what loving tenderness he speaks of his grandmother's poor little residence in Wexford, and recalls the kindnesses shown in his childhood. The death of ALL his children crushed his spirit and his heart, and especially he mourned that dear one "Russell," whose character never caused his parents the least anxiety. His love for his mother, and his sister Ellen, proved even more than his unchanging devotion to his wife, the sweetness and tenderness of his nature; and when the loneliness of death encompassed his cottage home, and the pressure of circumstances shattered without extinguishing the lamp of life, his hard struggles were to preserve his independence, and in this he was nobly seconded by his devoted and high-souled wife. Lord John Russell pays her but a well-deserved compliment, when he says, that "with their small means she managed to keep out of debt." Justice cannot be done to this admirable lady while she lives; but those who know her, know her as truly "good," beautiful in youth, and beautiful in matured age; to the poet a full fountain of comfort; his best companion, counsellor, and friend; the one who, better than all the world beside, appreciated his genius, and whose praise was a happier recompense than the world's "applause."

That the "Journal" contains some pages that are valueless to the public is certain—what autobiography does not?—but to say that it contains a single passage to the poet's dishonour is to say what is utterly untrue. Those who read it with generous sympathy cannot fail to have augmented esteem and affection for "the man." His stern independence might have yielded to temptations such as few receive and very few resist: he preserved it to the last, under circumstances such as any of his many great and wealthy friends would have called "poverty." Of luxuries, from the commencement of his career to its close, he had literally none: his necessities were never published to the world—nay, were never known to those who could, and perhaps would, have endeavoured to make them less. In all the relations of life he was faithful, affectionate, and considerate: "at home" he was ever loving and beloved: there he was happiest by rendering his limited circle happy.

The biographers of poets are almost proverbial for diminishing the giant to the dwarf. With a few grand exceptions, we find the loftiest precepts humiliated by the meanest examples; social intercourse degraded by frequent inebriation; poverty callous to the "glorious privilege," condescending to notoriety instead of suffering in solitude; so mingling the vices with the virtues that worshippers

eagerly draw the veil over genius in private life, willing to "make allowances," and content with the bare record—"they are not as other men are."

How few of the great men we have known are heroes in their daily communings!

The poet Moore is one of the very few of whom we may think and speak without a blush. The cavils and sneers of those who do not or cannot understand him, are limited to the crimes of his dining with lords and delighting in the courtesies of flatterers in rags. Had he been a sensualist like —, a drunkard like —, a pitiful borrower like —, a truckler for place like —, critics might have been less severe, and "the world" have accorded to him purer justice.

His always kind, generous, and sympathising friend, Lord John Russell, has been taunted with lowering Moore in public estimation by publishing the *Journal* he was imperatively called upon to publish. He may bear this reproach, with other charges urged against him, and as little merited, arising out of his continuous efforts to benefit mankind—to make this generation his debtors, and posterity believers in him.

How little do we know of the inner life of the author with whose works we are familiar—every line! Those who read the brilliant *Melodies* of the poet Thomas Moore, give but small heed to the man as he was "at home." Simple as a child, and as easily pleased as a child with a toy; sympathising ever, and with everything; sensitive as are all whose "spirits are finely strung," and to "fine issues," generous in thought, and word, and act; seeking and finding pleasure in all the common things of earth, "the meanest flower that blows," gracious to all within his reach—to the humble even more than to the lofty; independent—as much so as any man who ever lived; never borrowing, never incurring "pecuniary obligations," never requiring luxuries, never possessing even a pony carriage; residing ever either in lodgings, or a dwelling small and inexpensive, and rendered endurable only by "order" and taste. He preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts; having had no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward—seeking none, nay, avoiding any; sacrificing what would have been to him wealth from a point of honour; and never lending to "party" that which was meant for "mankind"; his career from the beginning to the close was a continued struggle with "strained means" that were at times embarrassments; yet there was not only no sale of, but no "bid" for, that true nobility of soul which he kept unblemished from the cradle to the grave. There is no blot upon his name; no word of reproach can be written on the stone which covers "the earth that wraps his clay." No marvel that such a man should have been loved almost to idolatry in his own immediate circle. But "society" knew nothing of all this; and the readers of his poetry know as little. There are, however, a few by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts: to whom the cottage at Sloperon will be a shrine while they live; and the village church, the spire of which is seen from the graveled walk—his "terrace walk" he used to call it—a monument better loved than that of any of the other sons of genius by whom the world is enlightened, delighted, and refined.

The statue we have engraved is the work of an Irish sculptor, a namesake, but not a relative, of the poet. He has chosen a passage in the *Diary* of the latter for the feeling or sentiment intended that the statue should convey: it is this—"Having expatiated more than enough on my first efforts in acting and rhyming, I must try the reader's patience with some account of my beginnings in music—the only art for which, in my own opinion, I was born with a real natural love; my poetry, such as it is, having sprung out of my deep feeling for music." Thus the poet is represented as if listening to the air of one of those exquisite Irish melodies with which he has made us all so familiar—listening, too, as if the strains brought with them the very words he has united to them.

The statue is erected opposite the entrance of the House of Lords, College Street, Dublin: it is of bronze, and was cast in the foundry of Messrs. Elkington & Co., of Birmingham, who have also, we believe, an establishment in Dublin.

A. M. H.





ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE. FROM THE STATUE BY C. MOORE. M.R.I.A.

LONDON. JAMES E. VIRTUE.

13 MY 58



## OBITUARY.

## MR. JOHN HOGAN.

IRELAND has to mourn the loss of one of the many sculptors to whom she has given birth, and of whom she has such substantial reasons for feeling proud: Mr. John Hogan died at his residence in Dublin, on the 27th of March, and in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Hogan was called, *par excellence*, the "Irish Sculptor," because his works were principally, if not entirely, executed for his native country: we do not remember that he ever exhibited in London. He was born at Tallow, in the county of Waterford, where his father carried on business as a builder: by his mother's side he was descended from the Irish Lord Chief Justice, Sir Richard Cox. At twelve years of age he was placed with an attorney in Cork, with whom he remained two years; but the legal profession was little to his taste, and at the end of that term he quitted the office of Mr. Foote, his employer, and entered that of Mr. Deane, now Sir Thomas Deane, with the view of becoming an architect. It seems, however, that even this was an uncongenial occupation, for while in the office of Mr. Deane, he commenced the study of anatomy under Dr. Woodroffe, and executed several carvings, of which a statue of "Minerva," in the South Mall, is one. A number of gentlemen, who felt interested in the art and the artist, raised a subscription which enabled him to visit Rome, and open a studio there, from which came forth the majority of his best works. His principal sculptures are "Eve after the Expulsion picking up a dead bird," now in the possession of the De Tabley family; a "Dead Christ;" a "Drunken Faun;" statues of O'Connell, Dr. Doyle, and Dr. Collins; that of O'Connell stands in the Dublin Exchange—a duplicate of this work has, we believe, been cast in bronze, and erected in Limerick. The "Drunken Faun," it is asserted by our contemporary, the *Builder*, resulted "from a challenge given to Hogan by Gibson, to produce any attitude or expression in the human figure, not previously appropriated by the great sculptors of antiquity. Thorwaldsen pronounced the work a *miracle*."

Hogan was one of the competitors for the statue of "Tom Moore;" but the decision was in favour of that by C. Moore, an engraving of which forms our "sculpture plate" this month. At the time of his death he was engaged on a statue of Father Mathew, and also on a bas-relief for the Wellington monument to be erected in the Phoenix Park, Dublin: for the latter work he was to receive the sum of £1000. Thus the patriotism of the country in matters of Art, is wisely adhering to the national cry—not a senseless one in this respect—of "Ireland for the Irish;" we would that a similar feeling were influencing those who have the direction of the Wellington monument for St. Paul's Cathedral.

## MR. HERBERT MINTON.

We extract from the *Building News* the following notice of the estimable gentleman whose loss will be felt as a calamity by the public at large; for to him must be attributed much of the many improvements which of late years have been introduced into British Ceramic Art. In private life no man has ever been more respected or esteemed; upright, generous, and considerate in all his dealings with his fellow-men; ever anxious to do good, and eagerly seeking for the means to do it: his influence has been widely felt, and his services will be remembered with gratitude by the several classes, from the highest to the lowest, with which circumstances brought him into contact:—

"Mr. Minton died on the 1st of April, at his residence, Belmont, Torquay. He had for some time been in declining health, and towards the close of his career his remaining strength rapidly failed him. He endured with the utmost calmness much acute suffering, and passed peacefully from the scene of his useful and honourable labours. Possessed of a clear and powerful intellect, most happily associated with invincible energy and resolute perseverance, Mr. Minton was also endowed in an eminent degree with those amiable and philanthropic qualities which at once adorn and enhance the value of intellectual superiority. In whatever course of life

he might adopt, such a man would be sure signally to distinguish himself. And such is the fact. This much-lamented gentleman has identified his name with an equally beautiful and useful branch of fictile manufacture; and, in the act of doing this, he has contributed largely to the advancement of a sound practical feeling for true Art amongst all classes of the community.

"The extent of Mr. Minton's manufacturing establishments placed him amongst the important class of great employers. And here, also, he will be long remembered as a model for imitation. The same thoughtful care which provided his manufactories with every appliance for the most efficient working, extended its action to both the spiritual and temporal requirements of all who were connected with him, and indeed of the entire neighbourhood of his establishment. He erected a beautiful and spacious church near Stoke-upon-Trent, with schools and all other suitable accessories; almshouses for the aged and infirm; infirmaries for the sick, with every suitable means of sound instruction; and consistent amusement and recreation also for the strong and healthy alike occupied his thoughts, and invoked the aid of his comprehensive and open-handed liberality. While we cannot record the decease of such a man without the deepest sorrow for our loss, we at the same time rejoice to know that his good works outlive him, and that the establishments which he formed will continue both to be distinguished by his name and to be administered in his spirit. It is also a subject for no ordinary satisfaction to reflect that Mr. Minton was appreciated during his life, and that the influence of his example will survive him as a lasting memorial of his worth."

## MR. THOMAS HAMILTON, R.S.A.

The local papers somewhat recently announced the death, in Edinburgh, of this gentleman, well known as an architect in that city for some half-century; and many important public buildings throughout the city bear testimony to his fine taste and professional attainments. Chief of these is the High School, universally admired as a most felicitous adaptation of pure Grecian architecture to the requirements of a modern building. The Burns monument, the façade of the Physicians' Hall, George Street, might be mentioned among others. The new approaches to Edinburgh by the south, and that by George IV. Bridge, the head of Bow Street, and the Castle Road, were also designed by Mr. Hamilton; and he produced a magnificent set of designs for the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, which were superseded, though it is doubtful if deservedly, by those recently erected from the designs of the late Mr. Playfair. He was long treasurer, and was one of the original founders, of the Scottish Academy. At the exhibition of the Fine Arts in Paris, in 1855, Mr. Hamilton had the gold medal awarded to him. He had reached the advanced age of seventy-four at the time of his death.

## MR. W. J. BLACKLOCK.

The death of this painter occurred at Brampton, Cumberland, in the month of March. Declining health had, for the last three or four years, almost compelled him to abandon entirely the practice of his art; but his views of the scenery of the north of England were at one time frequently seen and admired by many, in the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Mr. Blacklock was a truthful and unpretending artist, who wooed nature rather than popular favour; hence his works were not among those which people "talked about;" there is, however, that in them which is of sterling value. He died at the age of forty-two.

## PROFESSOR FRANCIS KUGLER.

There are few persons acquainted with the Art-literature of our time to whom the name of Professor Kugler is unknown: his "Handbook of Painting," translated by Sir Charles L. Eastlake, P.R.A., and published by Murray, has, more than any other of his works, familiarised his writings as a critic among us. We regret to have to record his somewhat premature and sudden death, at Berlin, on the 18th of March, from an attack of inflammation of the brain. He was born, on the 19th of January, 1808, in

Stettin, and went to Berlin in 1826, to study philosophy. He afterwards removed to Heidelberg, where, through the influence of Herr Mone, he gave himself up to the study of the Art of the middle ages. His first works, entitled "A Sketch Book," and "A Pamphlet on the Monuments of Middle-Age Art in the Kingdom of Prussia," were published in 1830. In 1835 he made a journey to Italy; and in 1837 he was elected Professor of the Academy of Fine Arts in Berlin. From that time to the present he has worked with unwearied diligence; and his contributions to Art-criticism have been as valuable as they have been numerous.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

## NEW LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

"The value and rank of every Art is in proportion to the mental labour employed in it, or the mental pleasure produced by it."—REYNOLDS.

SIR,—A new school, or rather a no-school in Landscape Painting, seems to be springing up among us; one in which all principles and all precepts are alike ignored. "Rules," say Sir Joshua, "are fetters only to men of no genius; as that armour, which upon the strong is an ornament and a defence, upon the weak and misshapen becomes a load, and cripples the body which it was made to protect." These weak, if not misshapen, tyros, evince a decided horror against buckling on this academic armour, and expect, by discarding rules,

"To snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art."

"Those models which have passed through the approbation of ages," are not welcomed as landmarks by this lawless crew. They wish to find some shorter path to excellence, and hope to obtain the reward of eminence by other means than those which the indispensable rules of Art have prescribed. They evade all study of what has been done before, however excellent (probably from an incapacity to appreciate it), and hope to secure instant fame by dashing at an originality, whose sole characteristic consists in an unblushing violation of all law and order. Bald copies of common nature, without selection or arrangement, are the means which these graphic mutineers employ to arrest public attention; substituting the bare materials for the edifice itself. The old law, "*ars est celare artem*," has no recognition among them, simply because they have no Art to conceal. With matter in abundance, and to spare, they exhibit no mental manipulation, no sentiment, no poetry; nothing suggestive. No light and shadow, no atmosphere; in fact, no Art. Body without soul; vulgar facts for the eye to ramble over, but nothing for the mind to rest upon. "Good stock," as a cook would say, "but not fit for deglutition without the art of the master." 'Tis very strange to see such evidences of graphic tact unaccompanied by artistic thought; beautiful details of individual truth, but none of nature's poetry breathed over them. These scions of the mountain-glen seem to have heads as opaque and impervious to the light of Beauty as the very stumps and stones which they occupy their time in the drudgery of copying. They have wooed the goddess in an unhappy spirit, and she has not deigned to unveil her charms to them. For what purpose have our "Beaux Arts," and "Art Treasures," and National Galleries, spread forth their intellectual wealth, if such mindless poverty is to be the product? Is all the flourishing of trumpets (now so fashionable) about "the progress of Modern Art, and the public taste" to be responded to, in landscape, only by such jejune and aimless efforts? Things whose nude impudence induce you to stare at them, but which vanish from the eye and memory of the real Art-lover at the same moment. I have heard some artists, impatient of the supremacy of established greatness, express a wish that the works of the old masters were either destroyed or out of fashion, in order that "Living Art" might be more effectually encouraged. Verily this desired period seems to have arrived, for the most unschooled tyros have now got the stage to themselves; good Art, therefore, must needs stand still for a while, and progress seclude itself, until the world has been surfeited with these quackeries; the "fashionable mind" may then perhaps return into that wholesome channel which can alone lead to a correct appreciation of sound Art, and by which it will be enabled to distinguish between a meaningless transcript, and an accomplished work built upon truth—truth sublimed by artistic power into an appeal to some of the most refined sensibilities of our nature. AN ARTIST.



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE "HANGERS" at the Royal Academy, this year, were Messrs. Frith, Elmore, and Pickersgill.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—In answer to a question put to the Government by Lord Elcho, in the House of Commons, on the 13th of last month, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that there was no intention to take any steps this session with the view of providing increased accommodation for the national collection of pictures. "The matter was open," he said, "which for many reasons could not be long neglected; but he could not at present submit any specific proposition to the House."

We shall be enabled in the next number of the *Art-Journal* to give some account of the numerous additions which have been made to our catalogue of the Italian school in the National Gallery. Twenty-two of these works have been obtained from one source, and some of them refer to the earliest period of the revival, as examples of Cimabue and Giotto, with later works by Taddeo, Gaddi, Filippo, Lippi, and other painters, of whose productions instances are necessary to the formation of a chronological series illustrative of the history of Art. These works are contained in the small room on the right, at the head of the stairs, but in consequence of the necessity of glazing them, they are not yet ready for public exhibition. It has been asked why these additions are continually Italian to the exclusion of the Dutch school? To this question it may be answered that it is desirable to secure examples of the early Italian painters, which year by year are becoming more and more rare, while the best examples of the Dutch schools are more frequently in the market. We rejoice to see the progress that has been made with the glazing of the most valuable and finely-surfaced pictures. Thus hermetically sealed against atmospheric deposit, the question of the removal of the national collection from its present site is definitely set at rest. The first suggestion for thus securing these valuable works was made fifteen years ago in this *Journal*, in speaking of the cartoons at Hampton Court, which ought a century ago to have been glazed and treated as water-colour drawings. The pictures which are now under glass are, "St. Catherine," by Raffaele; "Dead Christ," Francia; the new Perugino, "Bacchus and Ariadne," "St. Jerome," Bellini's "Doge," and "Virgin and Child;" "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene," Titian; "Holy Family," Correggio; "Knights in Armour," Giorgione; "Holy Family," Barocci; "Ecce Homo," Guido; "Ecce Homo," Correggio; "Holy Family," Mazzolino da Ferrara; "Christ appearing to Peter," Carracci; "Virgin and Child, and St. John," Perugino; "Venus, Cupid, and Mercury," Correggio; "Vision of St. Augustin," Garofalo; "Holy Family and Saints," Garofalo; "Temptation of St. Antony," Carracci; Van Dyck's "Gervastius," the Van Eycks, the Vanderveldes, &c. This evidences that an earnest movement is made in the right direction, which will render unnecessary all further cleaning, and any further contemplation of the removal of the gallery to any other site.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS was opened on Monday, April 19; too late in the month to receive any notice in our pages.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The forty-third Anniversary of this society was celebrated at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 27th of March, Lord Elcho, M.P., presiding on the occasion. In proposing the toast of the evening, his lordship strongly and eloquently urged the claims of the institution not only on artists, but on the public generally, who are, either directly or indirectly, interested in Art-matters. During the past year relief has been afforded to individuals requiring pecuniary aid to the amount of upwards of £1000, in sums varying from £8 to £40, distributed among nearly seventy cases. The funded property of the institution now amounts to £19,000: the subscriptions at the dinner reached to nearly £650—an increase of about £25 over those at the last festival.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.—There is at length more than a probability that "the monument" will be finished. In reply to some apt and eloquent remarks by Admiral Walcott, in the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after fully admitting the national discredit hence derived,

took on himself the responsibility of "providing for the completion of a monument which is so intimately associated with the glory and reputation of the country."

SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A., has been nominated an honorary member of the Academy of Arts, of Rome, in the room of M. Delaroche.

Mr. G. WALLIS, the head master of the Birmingham School of Art, has retired from the post he has occupied with so much honour to himself and advantage to his pupils, and the public, during six years in Birmingham—but for a much longer period in the schools of which he had previously the charge. Indeed, we believe he is the senior of the masters employed by the Department of Science and Art. It has, therefore, been resolved to present to him a "Testimonial," in acknowledgment of services which, it is rightly said, are "worthy of public recognition, as tending to the diffusion of that knowledge of design and cultivated taste, on which various and important branches of local industry are dependant for their future prosperity." There are certainly few, if there be any, living men to whom Art-manufacture is more largely indebted: he has aided the great "move," not only as a practical teacher, but by lectures, writings, and examples—in short by every mode calculated to impress the public mind with the value and importance of the subject. We have had ample opportunities of knowing the large success he has achieved by his indefatigable zeal and continuous industry. There is no doubt that his services have been especially felt in Birmingham; but they have been by no means confined to that locality. The cause may be more particularly that of its inhabitants—but it is not theirs only; and we hope they will permit subscriptions to be received from other sources. We shall gladly aid and contribute to the project: no "Testimonial" can be more fully merited or more worthily accorded.

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF LUCKNOW, recently opened, offers to the spectator nothing that he can associate with the horrors which have been perpetrated within the city. It is a scene of quiet beauty, a picture of mosques and palaces embosomed in the most luxuriant foliage, with gardens, fields, jungles, and woods stretching far away into the distance, and the river Goomtee, covered with gay pleasure-boats, winding its way silently through the midst of all. Were it not for the domes and minarets that bespeak the architecture of the East, and a solitary palm-tree here and there, one might readily imagine that the eye rested on a picture of the richest English landscape. The view of the city is taken from the Residency, a large building situated on an eminence, commanding all the most prominent features, a vast extent of the picturesque environs, and the beautiful country beyond. The sketches from which the panorama is painted were made a short time before the breaking out of the mutiny, by Mr. B. H. Galland, in the civil service of the East India Company. Of the accuracy of the view we cannot, of course, judge; but the site of the city appears extraordinarily limited when we remember that the number of its inhabitants was estimated at 300,000; moreover nothing, or but very little, is seen of the dwellings of the poor, nor is there any signs of the "more than ordinary degree of dirt, filth, and squalid poverty" which, as we are told in the book descriptive of the panorama, "causes a feeling of intense disgust; the most wretched habitations that can be conceived, affording but very insufficient shelter to a swarming population;" all this is carefully excluded from the picture, which is thereby made *coulour de rose*, and very beautifully has the artist painted it. Lucknow as it exists now only, it may be presumed, in Mr. Burford's panorama: all who see it—and the city has become a place of absorbing interest to every Englishman—will be ready to exclaim, "How sad to think that amid so much of the loveliness of nature, deeds have been committed that cause man to blush for his fellow-creature! Can this really be Lucknow?"

THE DIRECTORS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE have appointed Robert V. Bowley, Esq., to the office of manager. Report speaks favourably of this gentleman: judging from his antecedents, we trust he will be able to do much of what he will have to do, and that we may date a new era for the palace from the day on which he commenced his labours. We shall very soon have the power to form an opinion

as to the plans in progress, for, of a surety, changes there must be—large as well as immediate.

THE ART-FEELING IN BRISTOL.—We see with pleasure all evidences of the spread of an Art-feeling throughout our great provincial towns; and Bristol, which has, in an especial sense, a relation of her own to the Arts of the present time,—claiming our great sculptor Baily for one of her sons,—has on more than one occasion shown her pride in that relation, and her sense of the demand which it makes. A new opportunity for a demonstration of her growing taste has recently occurred, and has given rise to a movement in certain influential quarters, the occasion and purpose of which are as follows. Bristol, with a love of Art that takes many forms of expression, is yet somewhat behind cities of her class in out-door monuments which can be referred to the Art category. With the exception of an antiquated statue of King William III., in Queen Square, she has no representative in any of her streets or squares of that particular branch, which, in the person of one of her own citizens, she has contributed so much to illustrate. The fine open space recently formed in front of the Victoria Rooms,—midway between Bristol and Clifton,—by the demolition of the petty buildings which encroached on it, and the bringing, as a result, into common view the graceful modern elevations that surround the site, have pointed it out as almost challenging some conspicuous central ornament of the kind alluded to, for the purpose of completing this great civic improvement. Arrangements are, we understand, making for an appeal to the public, in order that this project may be carried out by means of a general subscription.

THE COUNCIL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS has resolved to persevere in its efforts to form in London an exhibition of works of Art-manufacture, and also of "Music and Painting," in the year 1861. Although we have more of apprehension than of confidence in the result, and would prefer to postpone the procedure for a few years—probably until 1871, although we may not expect to live to see it—if the project is to be carried out we shall aid it to the best of our ability.

THE GREEN PARK.—During the discussion in the House of Commons, on a question raised by Lord Elcho, to prevent a further desecration of the Green Park, Sir Benjamin Hall was hardly enough to defend the monstrous mass of ugly iron called a "suspension-bridge," which continues to deface the most graceful of our parks. We do not believe the late chief commissioner of works thinks as he says: he cannot by any possibility describe that a beauty which all who see it consider a deformity; especially when he compares it with the bridge that crosses the Thames at Chelsea. A public subscription for its removal would be a success.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—Mr. Charles Dickens has engaged to preside at the Annual Festival on the 8th of May: we hope therefore he will be as he ought to be, well and properly supported; and that Artists will not permit the accomplished man of letters to see—what we have too often seen—their apathy in the cause he is to advocate. We trust there will be a large gathering; and that the results will be great in proportion.

THE INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—We are glad to find, that the artists, in their respective bodies, are at length bestirring themselves in their own cause, and no longer leave to the press the unaided task of remonstrating on their behalf, and on behalf of the great public interests involved, against the repeated acts of injustice committed by the governments of this country where they are concerned. The sculptors, as we know, have taken steps of more kinds than one, for the purpose of indoctrinating ministers, and other persons in authority, as to the true principles of Art-competition, so long taught and urgently enforced by this *Journal*; and the Royal Institute of British Architects, by means of a spirited memorial addressed to the Chief Commissioner of Public Works and the Minister at War, and of an important deputation of their body to the same ministers for the purpose of personally enforcing its views, have conveyed their remonstrance against that determination of the late Lords of the Treasury, to employ Mr. Pennethorne on the work for which some of them had competed, and he had *not*,—to which we refer this week in another place,—as also



against the breach of faith of which the profession has to complain in the matter of the barrack-competition. The argument of the Institute is that with which we have made our readers thoroughly familiar. They affirm, that the Government programmes held out the inducement of immediate, and the prospect of contingent, honour and profit to those architects whose designs might be pronounced the best for the several objects in question,—and that, architects of high standing, on these combined inducements, accepted the ministerial invitations, and made large sacrifices of time, talent, and money. The setting aside by Government, with a high hand, of the awards actually made; and, with the prize designs thus obtained in their possession, looking outside the competition for some favoured artist to execute the works for which the designers competed, they characterise as breach of faith:—and we add, it is a breach of morality. The public have this further interest in the matter,—that, besides the breach of faith and of morality, the course in question is a means of paralysing the growth of the national Arts, as far as the Government can. The architects say, as we have said, that if it shall be,—as may well happen,—for any good and sufficient reason, inexpedient to execute, in whole or in part, the particular design chosen for premiums, as originally sent in,—still, the test of merit has been applied and answered, and the successful competitors are the proper parties to be consulted as to any necessary deviations from the plans, or to make new designs embodying such changes as may be needful.—But the whole thing, we repeat, is beaten ground for our readers,—and is again treated by us in another part of our Journal to-day, of which the subject is the Wellington Monument. Once more, then, we say, we rejoice that the artists themselves are up and doing. Such aid as we can bring to their cause, at all times, shall not be wanting; and we recommend them, once for all, to get together their friends, and take the opinion of Parliament on all these matters.

**NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.**—The trustees appointed to carry out the objects of this new national institution are not very demonstrative; and Parliament, whose action in matters of Art is somewhat spasmodic, does not seem to think there is any necessity that it should inform itself as to the manner in which its own delegations are carried out. It does appear to ourselves, that the proceedings of this commission, so far as they are appreciable, scarcely furnish any very lively illustration of the strength of the arguments on which the importance of the institution in question, and the appeal to parliament in its favour, were made to rest. We cannot perceive, that, with their second grant of £2000, and the time in their hands since it was granted, which should leave them pretty nearly ready to come to the country for a third, the trustees have yet done what they might to lay the basis of a National Portrait Gallery in such a manner as to exhibit anything like a scheme. The love of the casual and provisional, which runs through all our old growths of the kind, seems to be infusing the seed of a palsy influence into the young veins of this new institution. We think, a parliamentary alternative might be useful at the season of the next grant. As we have again and again said, the moderate annual money allotment bestowed on this object, can go but a very little way in the purchase of original portraits,—these may for the present be left to the spirit of private contribution, which all high national objects in this country largely command;—but the sum might do much, judiciously used, towards preparing, by means of good copies, that national framework into which all such contributions, however detached and fragmentary for a time, will finally fit. It is evident, that the following list of portraits is—a list of portraits; not any part of an intelligible plan, laid down with a view to relations and proportions:—Sir Walter Raleigh—Speaker Lenthall—Dr. Richard Mead—Horne Tooke—Handel—Dr. Parr—Thomson, the poet—The Countess de Grammont (!)—Arthur Murphy (!)—Shakspeare (the Chandos portrait)—Lord Torrington—Earl Stanhope—Archbishop Wake—Bishop Warburton—Sir William Wyndham—The Earl of Oxford—The Earl of Cadogan—Richard Cumberland—Huskisson—Spencer Perceval—Wilberforce—Stothard, the Royal Academician—Lord Sidmouth. It will be seen, that, as a question

of precedence, we might have placed our notes of admiration against half the names in this catalogue. If this collection could be supposed to be the work of the trustees, then, we should have to declare, that, in their sweep over the field of British historic constellations they have only as yet discovered the minor stars. The list plainly bespeaks its origin in casual contribution,—and as casualties, the portraits are one and all welcome. But, what, then, have the trustees been doing?—We know perfectly well all the objections that may be, and have been, urged against system-mongering;—but we have a leaning towards system, nevertheless. The absence of system lets in caprice,—and caprice deforms our national institutions more than anything else. Give caprice its full swing,—and it is, itself, capable of presenting Arthur Murphy as the peer of Shakspeare, and giving the Countess de Grammont for a mate to Sir Walter Raleigh.

**MR. MORRIS MOORE'S ALLEGED "RAFFAELLE."**—The Paris journalists and *cognoscenti* are just now in a state of great excitement respecting the picture of "Apollo and Marcyas," purchased by Mr. Morris Moore, at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, in 1850, and which general opinion in Paris pronounces to be "a genuine Raffaele." Independent of the judgment in its favour given by the Parisian connoisseurs, the authenticity of the picture has been established, it is said, by comparing it with a photograph taken from a drawing of the Apollo, known to be by Raffaele, in the Academy of the Fine Arts, at Venice, which photograph Mr. Moore has only very recently been able to procure.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The season has commenced with a very attractive programme, in which we find Art occupying a conspicuous place. We rejoice to know that Mr. Lumley begins "the year" under circumstances very favourable to him. There is no one who has a better right to that success, which usually follows the "deserving;" and we feel assured he may calculate on a continuance of the public favour he has so long enjoyed.

**THE STANDARD** has contained a letter concerning artists whose works have been rejected by the Royal Academy, and advising artists so circumstanced to have an exhibition of such rejected pictures. We have long ago shown the utter impracticability of such a scheme—there are many weighty reasons against it. But every year the demand for space increases: it is a deplorable fact that the rooms in Trafalgar Square cannot contain more than half the works sent for exhibition; and it is certain, that among the rejected, there are many admirable productions.

**MR. JAMES FOGO** has written to the *Observer*, to complain that while the charter of the Society of British Artists permits them to elect sixty members, it actually consists of no more than thirty; and requiring that its numbers be increased. We imagine there are more obstacles in the way than those upon which the writer calculates; and that the real difficulty arises, not from any unwillingness on the part of the society, but from reluctance on the part of artists whose adhesion would be beneficial.

**COVENT GARDEN "NEW" THEATRE** will open, it is said, on the 15th of May. We know that modern builders of lath and plaster can work as Aladdin did with his lamp; and it is possible that a structure, which on the 15th of April has neither roof nor interior fittings, may within a month from that date be ready for the reception of a thousand guests. But we imagine no little courage will be manifested by those who trust themselves so early within its walls. While a "new" theatre has been erecting in the miserable neighbourhood of Bow Street, the theatre in Drury Lane has been in a wretched plight: there is no chance of its falling into good hands, so as to be of any value to the Drama—under what circumstances, therefore, prosperity is expected for its rival we cannot possibly conceive. Our sympathy may surely be given, by anticipation, to those who have embarked money in the undertaking.

**THE LATE MR. W. HAVELL.**—We have been requested to state that the sale of the pictures and drawings left by this artist, which was advertised to take place in February last, at the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, has been postponed to the present month.

**THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH PICTURES** opened at the gallery, Pall Mall, on the 22nd of the past month.

## REVIEWS.

**ART-TREASURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM; consisting of Selections from the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857. Published by DAY & SON. London.**

The magnificent collection of works of Art gathered together in Manchester, last year, has, like the productions of industrial art which were exhibited in Hyde Park in 1851, been again dispersed, and each individual object is once more placed in the security and silence of its appointed home. Thanks, however, to the enterprising spirit of Messrs. Day and Son, the public is not left without some worthy record of what was exhibited on both these occasions; they are following up their well-known splendid work, entitled, "The Industrial Arts of the Nineteenth Century," by one of a similar character, illustrating a large number of the Art-treasures seen in Manchester, which come under the denomination of "Decorative Art." The series includes sculpture, ceramic, metallic, vitreous, and textile productions. The work is edited by, or under the direction of, Mr. J. B. Waring, and the plates are executed in chromolithography by Mr. F. Bedford.

About fifty plates—out of one hundred, to which the work will extend—have now been published, and we cannot speak too approvingly of the judgment that has directed the choice of subjects, nor of the manner in which the works have been copied. We are not, however, prepared to say that the plates are superior to those in Messrs. Day's preceding publication—it ought to satisfy all reasonable expectations that they are on an equality: this no one will doubt. Perhaps, however, the new series loses something in importance by comparison, from the plates being on a smaller scale.

What a book of study and reference for the Art-manufacturer will this be when completed! What excuse can hereafter be offered for inartistic, tasteless productions, with such models as these to serve as examples? Turning over *ad libitum* the leaves of the twenty-six parts on our table, we feel at once the impossibility of giving anything like a detailed catalogue, much less a criticism, of their contents; we can but point out a few subjects, just to show the general character of the work:—A richly-decorated or-molu cabinet, inlaid with porcelain, the property of Charles Mills, Esq.; an Indian Helmet and Arms, elaborately ornamented, from the collection of the East India Company; a carved wood frame, in the style of the Flemish Renaissance, exceedingly bold in design, the property of George Field, Esq.; Pallas ware, from the Soulaiges Collection, and from that of O. Coope, Esq.; Limoges enamels, belonging to different owners; enamel ewers of Limoges, of the sixteenth century; an Augsburg clock, the property of her Majesty; portions of an ivory cabinet of the fourteenth century; Italian table and chairs of the sixteenth century; a Limoges enamel plaque of the same date, by Jean Courteys, the property of Sir A. Rothschild—a work as beautiful as it is unique; a bone and wood cabinet, Venetian, of the fourteenth century, the property of Col. Meyrick—extremely elegant in design; a vase in Urbino ware, dated 1687, the property of Messrs. Hewett; a group of Renaissance jewellery, &c.; a *Latec* salver, from the Soulaiges Collection, and a Damascened ink-stand, belonging to G. Stedman, Esq., both works of the sixteenth century, and of Italian make, most elaborately ornamented; an Italian silver-gilt cup of the sixteenth century, the property of the Earl of Warwick, richly embossed; a group of Savres porcelain, part belonging to her Majesty, and part to the Duke of Portland; tapestry of the fifteenth century, from the Soulaiges Collection; porcelain of Chelsea and of Worcester; embroidered bobinet scarf from Delhi, contributed by the East India Company; an embroidered Indian book-cover, from the same source; a Viennese porcelain plate, very exquisite, from the collection of J. Addington, Esq.; tapestry from Hampton Court; a buhl French cabinet, of the latter part of the seventeenth century, the property of her Majesty; an Indian saddle-cloth; Urbino plate and bottle of the seventeenth century; Indian embroidery in gold on muslin; Hispano-Moorish vase, from the Soulaiges Collection; groups of Venetian glass; Majolica plates of the sixteenth century, the property of Lord Hastings; the armour of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, time of the sixteenth century, from the Meyrick Collection; an ivory tankard of the seventeenth century, belonging to P. H. Howard, Esq.

This enumeration, made at random, will suffice to indicate the variety of the selection introduced into the work. The historical and descriptive essays, having reference to the arts represented, are written respectively by Messrs. G. Scharf, jun., J. C. Robinson, A. W. Franks, Digby Wyatt, Owen Jones, and J. B. Waring; a large number of wood engravings are interspersed among the text. The publishers



are fully justified in the expectations they formed, as set forth in the prospectus announcing the publication, that it "will spread far and wide the valuable lessons to be learned from the Exhibition, and constitute a standard and lasting record of it."

**CHRIST TEACHING HUMILITY.—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.** Published by the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, Edinburgh.

The Scottish Association, as other societies of a similar nature have done, commits a great mistake in issuing so large an engraving as this from Mr. R. S. Lauder's picture of "Christ teaching Humility." We have before pointed out the impolicy of producing such works; the print becomes almost valueless to many on account of the cost of framing it, and we know that not a few individuals are deterred from subscribing to Art-Union societies from this cause. An engraving that would cost a couple of guineas, to place even in a tolerably plain frame, is a matter of consideration with a large number of those who would like to possess it, but cannot afford the expense entailed by the hanging. Quality ought to be with every Art-patron, whatever his means, of far greater importance than quantity; and although we have not much fault to find with Mr. Egleton's work, we have no doubt he would have produced a better engraving, had it been two-thirds of the size, for the same money he has received for this: and we have as little doubt that a large majority of the subscribers would have been better pleased, although the print is a kind of "gift" to those who have subscribed the sum of five guineas to the association in one or more payments.

The picture has been presented to the Scottish National Gallery by the association; the composition is of great merit, viewed either artistically or in relation to the subject represented; there is also an originality in the treatment which is very striking: one figure, however, we could wish to have been omitted, it is that of an aged Israelite seated at the extreme right-hand of the group; a large and ponderous figure, that "cuts" into the composition and draws the eye away from its main features; its introduction does not seem to have been necessary for any purpose of real value. The figures, generally, are well-studied and characteristic in expression; the least pleasing and impressive is that of the "Great Teacher;" it is too earthly, and wants that spirituality of aspect which we find in many of the pictures by the early Italian painters, who succeeded in giving to the features of Christ a sacred beauty which the moderns almost invariably cannot, or do not, reach.

The principal fault we find in Mr. Egleton's engraving is its intense heaviness, and the hardness of outline seen in several of the faces; the distance is brought forward almost as prominently as the foreground, and the white clouds overlap the massive walls, and by their brightness distract the attention from the main point of the picture. The figures in the centre of the group are beautifully engraved; a little more refinement in the flesh of the nearest female would have rendered this object almost perfect. The subject is one of much interest, is honourable to the talents of Mr. Lauder as an historical painter, and is in every way worthy of being perpetuated by the aid of the graver: we only regret that Mr. Egleton has not employed his tools with somewhat more of delicacy and with greater regard to harmony.

The "Soldier's Return" is a series of six engravings, illustrating Burns's song, commencing—

"When wild war's deadly blast was blown," &c.;

they are from drawings made expressly for the work by Mr. John Faed, R.S.A., and are engraved respectively by Messrs. Lumb Stocks, A.R.A., J. Stephenson, and H. Lemon, each of whom has executed two; but the pair by Mr. Stocks undoubtedly bear off the palm of victory; Mr. Lemon's second plate, with a little more clearing out of the middle distance, might be placed *pari passu* with these. Mr. Faed's compositions are most pleasing, graceful in character, tender and truthful in feeling, and, though the subjects have what may be called a melodramatic tendency, he has treated them without any overwrought sentiment; but he has failed in maintaining throughout the individuality of "My ain dear Willie." In the plate where he catches the first glimpse of his native village on his return from the wars, he appears a man of middle age—one who has stormed the "deadly breach," and whose face shows he has passed through a long service of campaigning: in the last plate, where mutual recognition takes place between him and "Nancy," he is the young soldier once more, as spruce as if he had just left the barrack-room for parade duty. Perhaps, however, Mr. Faed means us to infer that the pleasurable meeting has turned the sun-dial of the "soger's" years many degrees backward.

We are quite sure this very pretty volume will be appreciated by the last year's subscribers to the Scottish Association, for whom it is intended. For those of the present year, Mr. Lemon is engraving Mr. Burr's picture of "The Politicians"—a troop of juveniles busy over an old newspaper.

**LECTURES AND ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, HISTORICAL, TOPOGRAPHICAL, AND ARTISTIC.** By WILLIAM SIDNEY GIBSON, Esq. Published by LONGMAN, London; ROBINSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1858.

Mr. Sidney Gibson has established himself at Newcastle, on the Scottish border. He is by profession a barrister, an archaeologist in his taste, and in faith a Roman Catholic. He is also a fluent writer, and he loves writing. The volume before us indicates a comprehensive versatility in the genius of its author, which leads him to deal with very varied subjects with equal care. This volume consists of a collection of lectures and essays, repeatedly read in public, but not before published, together with a group of similar papers reprinted from various periodicals and newspapers, including an essay on "Church Bells," which attracted considerable attention when it first appeared in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*, in September, 1854. Mr. Gibson has a pleasant manner of touching lightly upon topics which are, in reality, sufficiently attractive to claim a more impressive system of treatment; and he continually gives promises of producing much that would be of sterling value, if he would but go on and realise what he has led his readers to expect. Unhappily, however, he is either not very profound in his archaeology and general learning, or there inevitably comes over him the influence of his faith, which constrains him, whatever his subject, to assume the character of a champion of Rome. Hence there is a kind of special pleading, even in his descriptions of scenery, which sadly mars their proper effect; while in his more direct dealing with subjects that are open to either controversy or association with Rome, he does not hesitate to throw aside all disguise, and practically to avow his aim. This is the more to be regretted, because it has evidently warped the writer's own mind, at the same time that his productions have thus either failed to become what otherwise they might have been, or they constrain the impartial reader to regard them with a certain degree of suspicion. Mr. Gibson has published several other works, of which one is a "History of Tynemouth," on an important scale. This history, and its companion volumes, are distinguished by the same characteristics with the lectures and essays before us.

The first "Lecture" is on "Poetry and the Fine Arts," and it exhibits more of the better and nobler qualities of the author, and less of his imperfections, than any other of his writings, with the sole exception of his essay on "Church Bells," which is really a very able, as well as a highly interesting, production. Mr. Gibson takes a high view of the functions and capabilities of the Arts, regarding them "as ambassadors from on high, divinely commissioned to sway every mood of the human heart;" and he accordingly claims for them a consideration that falls little short of homage. The Gothic he considers to be the most perfect style of architecture, and he expresses his admiration for this great style in his customary fervid manner: yet Mr. Gibson has shown that he really is master of the spirit of Gothic Art in but a slight degree, for he cannot understand the power of mediæval sculpture, and he is eloquent in his laudation of the Duke of Northumberland's very noble, but very mistaken, adoption of the Renaissance of Italy as the style for the interior fittings of his essentially mediæval castle of Alnwick. Another of Mr. Gibson's good and useful papers is a lecture upon the "Historians and Literature of the Middle Ages," in which Matthew Paris, the pride of St. Albans, and the "almost mythic Gildas," receive their due meed of honour; and the value to the student of history of such records as "the household accounts of the good Queen Eleanor" is clearly shown. "Londoniana" also is another interesting paper, replete with curious matter respecting the earlier days of the metropolis. The volume concludes with several brief essays on topics primarily of a legal character, but which all prove to radiate from the same centre of Romanist advocacy. If Mr. Gibson would but write as an archaeologist—or, if he will, as a lawyer—without the ever-present special pleading of his faith, we could with much more satisfaction take up any of his volumes ourselves, and recommend them. As it is, we are compelled to remind our readers that the productions of this gentleman must always be read with the caution which goes far to destroy the satisfaction of all reading.

**SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE RECENT ADDITION OF A READING-ROOM TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM; WITH PLANS, SECTIONS, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIVE DOCUMENTS.** By WM. HOSKING, Architect and Civil Engineer. Published by E. STANFORD, 6, Charing Cross, London.

The question of original invention, and the consequent just claim for due credit and honour, in the case of any new work of importance, is one that has very often been raised without attaining to satisfactory results; and it is to be feared that in many such cases it will be raised again, with precisely the same general issue. In any particular instance, however, where evidence is clear and conclusive in itself, and is set forth fairly and without prejudice, it will always be incumbent upon the critic to seek to promote what he must feel to be strict justice.

The new reading-room to the British Museum has both claimed and received the unreserved approbation of judges in such matters, and also of the general public. The authorship of the design, and of the plan upon which the design itself was based, consequently involves no slight amount of valuable reputation. The essay before us claims for its author that reputation, and asserts that the popular impression—that the felicitous idea originated with the chief librarian, Mr. Panizzi—is founded on a misconception of the real facts. We have carefully considered Mr. Hosking's statements and compared them with the evidence that accompanies them, and we are bound to declare that he appears to us to have established a decided claim to the distinction which has been withheld from him. That is to say, we consider Mr. Hosking to have made out and proved, that the first idea of such a new reading-room as is now in existence, originated with himself, and not with Mr. Panizzi; and also that this idea was promulgated by him in such a manner that Mr. Panizzi might, and indeed must, have been cognizant of it. This opinion does not touch upon the deservedly high honour that has been won by Mr. Smirke, for producing the actual structure with such complete success. Neither does it in any respect or degree involve the adoption of the general views advocated by Mr. Hosking upon the subject of the arrangements of the national museum, or recognise this gentleman's theory, that the Pantheon at Rome is necessarily the only perfect model of proportion in a circular domical edifice. We do not propose now to touch upon the subject of "general arrangements" in our national museum; nor is it necessary to discuss at any length the proportions of the Pantheon. Without thinking of detracting from the high reputation enjoyed by this celebrated structure, we may observe, that difference of application in most instances involves some difference both in plan and proportion; and consequently, a reading-room covered by a dome may be perfect in its proportions, without assimilating in any very close degree to a domical temple. We believe the reading-room as it stands to be an architectural work of the highest excellence; and we believe also that Mr. Hosking was the first person to propose that such a building should be erected in connection with the British Museum.

**THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.** Lithographed from the Portrait by WINTERHALTER. Published by SACHSE & Co., Berlin; DROOSTEN, ALLAN, & Co., London.

Of the many portraits of the royal lady which have appeared, this certainly conveys to us the most faithful representation of her mild and intelligent features: but it is something beyond a portrait; it is a picture of more than ordinary elegance. The Princess is habited in evening costume, walking on a terrace in the cool of the evening, for the moon is just showing herself in the horizon through the mist that envelops the distance. We have rarely seen a mere portrait treated with so much poetical feeling as this is; while the work of the lithographer exhibits a union of delicacy and force that only a master of the crayon could achieve.

**THE GENERA OF BRITISH MOTHS.** By H. NOEL HUMPHREYS. Part I. Published by P. JARRARD, London.

This work will undoubtedly address itself to a far larger class of readers than the scientific entomologist. Each part will contain three plates, in chromolithography, of moths and butterflies, "with the caterpillars on the plants on which they are generally found." The beauty of these plates, as they are seen in this, the first number, cannot fail to attract attention; while the descriptions, written in a simple and popular style, are no less interesting than instructive.



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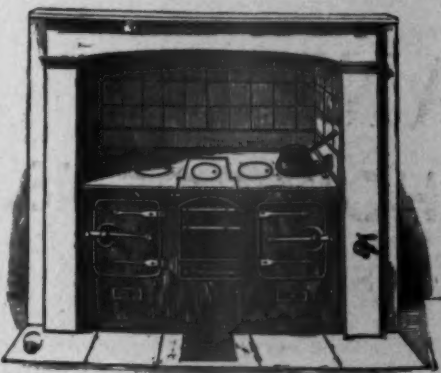
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